The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

December 22, 1923

Some Universalist Leader Objectives for 1924

To Inculcate a Pure Patriotism

To Help Put the Golden Rule in Industry

To Make Clear the Possibilities of Organizing the World for Peace

Nineteen-twenty-four is almost upon us. In the *Leader* office we are ready for it. We have plans for next year, and even the year after, for a better, stronger, wiser *Leader,* full of human interest and help.

We can neither produce such a *Leader* nor circulate it without the criticisms and help of our readers.

Will you co-operate?

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Who's Who in this Issue

Dr. Vincent E. Tomlinson is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist Convention and has been pastor of the First Church in Worcester for over twenty years.

Rev. Richard H. McLaughlin is the successor of the late Dr. John Coleman Adams in the historic church at Hartford, Conn. He is a St. Lawrence University man, was ordained in 1914, and before going to Hartford had pastorates at White River Junction, Vt., Palmer and Everett, Mass.

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Rev. Charles A. Alden, formerly at Aurora, Ill., is now pastor of the Universalist church at Columbus, Ohio.

* *

There are men who would not steal a cent, who would not misappropriate a single dollar of a trust fund, who do steal liberty, who take the priceless institutions of freedom without paying for them, who are civic grafters. . . . The indifferent private citizen who fails to vote is in the long run a far greater menace than the official who levies a tax on a brothel or takes hush-money from a gambler, and should be more despised. . . . The great imperative of the hour is a new citizenship conscience with regard to individual responsibility for law enforcement and law observance. Such a conscience has its ultimate expression at the polls. (*Daniel A. Poling.*)

* *

Klannishness is a principle which inevitably creates hard feelings between groups of Americans. But it carries with it its own corrective. The very men who hold aloof from Catholics and negroes and Jews are now dividing among themselves. . . . A Disciples minister of Indiana who is a paid organizer of the movement . . . holds that the Klan will eventually establish the literalistic method of interpreting the Bible. This runs a new line through the movement. . . . Klannishness carries its own cure within itself. (*Christian Century.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

IMMANUEL—GOD WITH US

WE believe in the universe as we find it, in the laws which control it, a few of which we have found out, in the processes of science, and in the slowly increasing, constantly changing knowledge accepted generally by educated men. In that body of knowledge one thing especially precious to us is the life of Jesus of Nazareth.

We do not know the date of his birth. It would not trouble us to celebrate it on January 13 or on December 11, or on any other date men might have chosen. It does not trouble us to celebrate it on December 25. On the contrary we do it with joy.

We know that it is quite true that there are many different stories of the virgin birth of the great characters of history, and that the story of the virgin birth of Jesus in itself is evidence of the tremendous impression his purity made. He was so pure and good that men coming along afterward, living in rough and cruel days, feeling the surge of their own hot, powerful passions, said "he must have been born of a virgin." The tradition is a tradition, not a fact, but it is also testimony.

We know that there are many mysteries as well as sanctities about the birth of every child. There are laws of God operating on the physical, on the mental and on the spiritual planes (to use an old division), and they really are laws of God.

So "conceived of the Holy Ghost," and "born of the Virgin Mary," trouble us only as they hide our real views and give us the approval of the very Orthodox to which we are not entitled.

We believe in the thing men tried to express through these figures.

In a way which was so remarkable that we call it miraculous, the Great Unseen God so worked that this child Jesus was given to Joseph and Mary—humble Jewish people.

In a way almost as remarkable as the life itself, there have been preserved through long years of bloody war, revolution, upheaval of one kind or another, the imperfect, incomplete, but inspiring records of that life.

And second only to these marvels is the scholarship of to-day with its long pilgrimages, its patient searching, its glorious discoveries of ancient manuscripts and letters, and the consecrated, courageous way in which it has thrown light on those great days of Jesus in Galilee and Judea.

We have much of the record of the life of this child of God. He makes us see what kind of figure He may be to whom we have applied the words Omnipotent, Eternal, Infinite, Supreme Architect, Ruler and Judge. Even when we feel the most ashamed of what we have done, the most fearful and reluctant to approach, there rises up before us the understanding, pitying, forgiving figure of a Divine Parent, revealed to the world by Jesus in his parables.

Christmas reminds us that behind all the mysteries we can not fathom and all the sorrows difficult to bear, there is the Good God of Jesus.

This same life of the child and man Jesus makes us see the things possible to our manhood and womanhood.

It is a blessed record which preserves the story of his struggle in the wilderness, which definitely tells us he was tempted in all points as we are, which even sends down to us the terrible cry of agony wrung from him by the physical torture and mental isolation of the cross. The life is one of infinite comfort, cheer and strength to us, because he might have run away or yielded and instead went bravely through to a glorious end.

Nor have we expressed all that Christmas means when we speak of the beginning and the end—that ever memorable manger, and that ever-glorious cross.

In perfectly rational ways—and yet, when we admit them and use them, in unbelievably powerful ways—there come to us the presence, comfort and help of Jesus to-day.

If because of our theology or because of the unreason of others, the thought of his presence irritates us, the vision will fade or even never come. Just so our dear dead will grow dim if we do not talk to them sometimes as we sit by the fire at night. But it seems true to many sane, sensible, rational people, that a tender and majestic presence can come and go with us as he went to Emmaus with the sorrowing disciples long ago.

True or temperamental as such views of Jesus may be, there is enough about him which all admit to make Christmas not only the universal holiday, but the greatest day of religion in the calendar of the Church.

THE BOK PEACE PLAN

OVER four thousand papers, dailies, weeklies, and trade journals, will print the peace plan which wins the American Peace Award established by Edward Bok. With the full text or a competent digest of the plan, these papers will print a ballot. All the people who can be reached will be asked to vote upon whether they would like this country to adopt in substance the policy proposed by this winning plan.

It is interesting in this connection to recall the names of the Jury of Award who will pick out the best plan: General James G. Harbord, Edward M. House, Ellen F. Pendleton, Roscoe Pound, Elihu Root, Wm. Allen White and Brand Whitlock. Probably the minutes of a meeting of these eminent ladies and gentlemen in which they took up this matter would be as valuable to the country as the plan itself. With their differing backgrounds and experiences, they have this in common, that they want peace instead of war.

With eminent Republicans and Democrats both on the jury the plan will have a chance to be considered on its merits, which unhappily has not always been the case with peace plans in the past.

The ideal of Mr. Bok is "to give the American people from coast to coast a direct opportunity to evolve a plan which will be acceptable to many groups of our citizens who, while now disagreeing as to the best method of international association, strongly desire to see the United States do its share to prevent war and establish a workable basis of co-operation among the nations of the earth."

The *Universalist Leader* is happy to co-operate.

* *

PILGRIMS OF THE INFINITE

WE are pilgrims and sojourners as all our fathers were. As members of the race we have traveled far. Our fathers thousands of years ago with all their kith and kin and much of their belongings, like Abraham in his departure from Ur, left their first home, wandered far away, and then settled down for awhile. Then their descendants felt the same outer necessity and inner urge to do as their fathers did before them, and once more left their homes and moved still farther westward. In more recent years, our parents came from Europe and the Near East, and we are all children of pilgrims, and the only difference between us on these shores is the difference in the date of the departure of our parents from their Ur of the Chaldees.

We are also pilgrims of time as well as of place. This is a far more significant pilgrimage on which we set out, each in his own way, from the very moment of our birth. Individually we make this pilgrimage. The route of some is longer and more devious than that of others, and requires more than three score years and ten to arrive at the journey's end. But whether the years be comparatively few or many, the pilgrimage is profoundly significant. How wonderful those first few years of childhood when the way and everything about us is so strange! How thrilling those years of youth, when our hearts beat with love, and the world lies before us with all its possibilities! How challenging the years of mature life with their heavy burdens, great tasks and serious undertakings! How rewarding and enriching those later years on the westward slope, with level rays of the sun transforming the common earth! And the pilgrimage of the race has taken thousands and thousands of years to achieve the progress it has thus far made. We see it emerge above the historic horizon thousands of years ago. How long it was on its pilgrimage in the prehistoric period we can not tell, but it is still moving, like a great caravan across the fields of time.

More marvelous still and far more profoundly significant has been the pilgrimage in the world of the spirit. The greatest journey the individual or the race can make is not on the earth, nor in time, but in the world of thought where the mind lives and moves and has its being. This is the pilgrimage of the spirit of man. The way leads through things to thought, through the temporal to the eternal, through the finite to the infinite, through man to God.

The greatest journey a man can take is not one measured by miles, but by faith. One may go around the world, and not travel as far as the person who stays at home, but whose mind thinks the thoughts of God after Him, and whose spirit wings its flight in prayer to Him, and whose heart has found its rest and peace in His will. The greatest souls are the greatest travelers. They are pilgrims of the Kingdom of God.

It is, however, as pilgrims of the eternal that we most frequently regard ourselves. The swift flight of the years, and the vicissitudes of life, make us realize that we have no lasting home here in time and place. The pilgrimage of time brings us to the threshold of eternity. Does the way lead to an abyss or to the steep ascent of heaven? Does the dark descend on us forever, or does the new dawn break more glorious than the light of the rising sun? We dare believe that all these pilgrimages across the earth and over seas, through the years and centuries, and in the wonder world of thought and faith, find their fulfilment in the pilgrimage of the immortal soul in the eternal world wherein we shall find the abiding city of God. *D. E.*

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TWO POSITIONS WELL FILLED

VICTOR FRIEND of Melrose, Mass., accepts the office of president of the Universalist Comrades. Stanley Manning goes to Augusta, Feb. 1 to become State Superintendent of Maine.

There is encouragement in both of these announcements. Both positions have commanded the services of consecrated men. Both had to be vacated. In both cases, with backward steps possible, mere stop-gaps always looming up, forward steps have been taken in the choice of these two men.

Mr. Friend is an able business man, a competent executive, a devoted Christian. Mr. Manning is the successful Director of Young People's Work for our denomination, with experience in practically every state of the Union. Both are widely known. Both have sunny personalities. Both have hosts of friends.

To the layman willing to take up this new burden with all its possibilities of service, and to the

minister who goes to the old Pine Tree State, the birthplace of so many great servants of our republic, we extend congratulations and good wishes.

* *

THE HUNDRED NEEDIEST IN NEW YORK

WE have nothing to say this Christmas about the "deserving poor," for who is "deserving" and who is "undeserving" we, with increasing knowledge, are not so sure as in earlier years of social work. It is generally accepted that we do a grievous wrong by helping beggars on the street—a wrong to society, to ourselves and to the dissipated or vicious or brazen creatures who seek our alms.

It is not so generally understood that there are people near us perishing for our help in whom an investment of even a few dollars gives dividends of health, education, self-support, happiness and even life.

Newspapers like the *New York Times* play Santa Claus in a most effective way by printing about Dec. 1 each year the brief story of the lives of the Hundred Neediest Cases, reported to them by various charity organizations. Beginning in 1912, when the *Times* raised a fund of $3,630.88, the work has grown until last year the sum raised amounted to $157,421.08.

We give first place of course to removing the causes of poverty. High above charity we place social justice. But God deliver us from the flinty-hearted reformers with eyes set on some far off ideal, who pass by and neglect the daily opportunities for help of struggling fellow human beings.

In the *Times* list there is the old toy maker, "immaculately neat, pitiably thin," who has seen better days, with his frail old wife, he himself dragging on after a stroke of paralysis, and still self-supporting. Three hundred dollars will help them through another year.

There is six-year-old Ella, a prisoner in a shabby room, with congenital hip disease. She can't join her two little brothers in their main Christmas joy of looking into wonderful shop windows. The father is in a sanatorium for tuberculosis. He kept up the unequal fight too long. The mother, with a bad hip herself, hobbles here and there for a day's work. The *Times* wants $780 to keep this family of five together.

There is Jim Morris, "the sailor from Conrad's book," caught in a bad ebb tide, "running out fast." There is Peter, one year old, the child of an ex-service man and an ex-service nurse, "the flag waving over him," and that about all, for he is not on any pay roll. There is the widow with four children and four dollars a week, and so it goes through the list of a hundred stories, some almost unbelievably hard, all terribly pathetic, and many glorious in their real heroism.

What drives the appeal straight home to our brains as well as to our hearts, what stiffens our faith in the essential divinity of our common human nature, are the two or three stories included of what happened last year after the money requested poured in.

Last Christmas found Bella, barely seventeen, the sole support of her sick mother and three young brothers—with her utmost endeavors earning $12 a week—$12 a week for five in the great but terrible city of New York. The generous side of New York gave her "a hand." She got her little family into three rooms "with air and sunshine." With this improved environment and with human cheer, she grew stronger herself, a brother found a job and helped, her pay went up from $12 to $18, and where a year ago she was slipping and struggling, they all are going ahead. What she plans now is to save until she gets together the same amount the *Times* readers gave her, and give it so, as she says, "another family may be made as happy as we have been made."

In Washington, in Baltimore, in other cities, there are Christmas appeals like this of New York. They ought to enlist our help wherever we live. And this doing the adequate, complete, effective thing in each instance ought to be an inspiration and an ideal for us in Christmas giving and in all other work.

* *

A CHRISTMAS MORAL

IN the *Atlantic* for December, A. Edward Newton writes of "The Greatest Little Book in the World," which of course is "The Christmas Carol." Those of us whose business is with morals and yet who love literature just for its own sake take great comfort in what Mr. Newton says of the moral of the Christmas Carol:

"We hear rather too much to-day that art has nothing to do with morals, and it is admitted that an obvious moral may spoil an artistic effect—but not in the 'Carol.' We who know it by heart hurry to get to the moral we know so well. When the Phantom shrinks, collapses, and dwindles into a bed post, and Scrooge awakes and 'laughs a splendid laugh,' we laugh with him. He rushes to a window, throws it open and calls to a boy outside, 'What's to-day, my fine fellow?'

" 'To-day,' replied the boy, 'why, Christmas day.'

" 'It's Christmas day!' said Scrooge to himself, 'I haven't missed it.'

"How happy he is! How happy we are too! It is not too late to make amends!"

This means something different to each individual. In these United States there are unquestionably many who will reflect with a stab of pain:

"Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance and benevolence, were all my business."

Most of the beautiful things of faith and kindness by many have been sacrificed to business.

"It is not too late to make amends." Others have been swept from their moorings by some gust of passion, have wronged themselves and others.

The nation may have been selfish, indifferent, or hopeless of aiding the world. It is not too late to make amends.

There is some cruel injustice perpetrated because it is unpopular to cry out against it. It is not too late to make amends.

Not that amends can always undo and rebuild quite as Scrooge did. But there is the possibility. There is the road on which this Christmas season we may start.

And who knows but what Tiny Tim may not die, the family circle be as honest, as unselfish as happy, as Bob Cratchit's and we ourselves who start on the right path as successful as "Old Scrooge."

Attempts at Interpretation

II Who Came When Christ Was Born?

Frederic Williams Perkins

WHAT does the story of the virgin birth tell as to the nature of Christ and the meaning of his coming? Nothing of spiritual value, the denier of the story may reply. Everything, without which the Christ-life is a delusion, says the traditional believer. As between the two, one again asks whether Christian faith suffers more from the skeptic or the blind devotee.

That the time-hallowed story of the Nativity presents insuperable difficulties to an increasing number of devout believers to-day is obvious. The difficulties do not, for the most part, arise out of general objections to what savors of the "supernatural." The attitude of mind is as dead as the conception of the universe that gave it being. The supernature is the implied factor in all the processes of nature, as truly present in the mystery of normal childbirth as in an unparented prodigy.

We no longer call a thing divine because we don't know how it happened. The universe, to modern thinking, is not a bifurcated phenomenon, part of it orderly and therefore natural, part of it abnormal and therefore divine. We no longer deny godly significance to that part of the world whose methods are formulated and processes known, and ascribe divinity only to the gaps in our knowledge through which some fresh revelation of God shines—"as if God," said Henry Drummond in fine irony, "lived in gaps!" Faith is headed for suicide when it takes that ground, for as the gaps in knowledge are filled in God is squeezed out, until His radiancy flashes precariously through the rising walls of a temple of science which, when finished, will exclude Him. That is the Nemesis that has overtaken faith in so many tragic instances during the last fifty years. The fear of it explains why even in the present day many cling to some shreds of the old discredited supernaturalism. They would maintain a few citadels, sore beset but yet impregnable, from which the spirit of God may now and then invade a godless world. One of those citadels of faith is deemed to be the theory of the virgin birth. If Jesus did not come that way, he did not, it is asserted, come at all as the Christ of God.

Now what the traditional defender of the doctrine of the virgin birth fails to understand is that most of the doubters or deniers to-day are not concerned with that sort of attack and defense. They are doubtful of the story not because they do not understand it—we accept many things we do not understand—but because they doubt its accuracy, tested by the scientific standards of credibility that are rightly applied to events alleged to have occurred in the physical world. That Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Living God, is the assertion of a spiritual reality, to be determined by spiritual tests, as Jesus himself declared to discerning Peter on that day of discovery at Caesarea Phillipi: "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jonas, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." But that Jesus came into the human world in the literal manner set forth in the story of the Nativity is an assertion of a physical process, whose accuracy is to be determined by scientific tests. The spiritual pre-eminence of Jesus is not involved in the question of how he came, nor may we properly prejudge it by terming one method of birth "human" and the other "divine." Either, if a fact, is sacred, and the spiritual value of Christ is intrinsically the same in either case. It is what it is, and no alleged supernal origin can enhance it nor can any proved human origin disparage it.

If, therefore, Christ was born of Joseph and Mary, that was the method of God in sending His greatest son into the world. If he was, in literal fact, "conceived of the Holy Ghost," then that was the pathway of the Divine. Which method was the one employed is a proper matter for candid inquiry, and no question of one's religious temper or Christian loyalty is rightly involved.

Now the patent fact is that many devout Christian scholars and disciples, to whom the supremacy of Jesus is unquestioned, to whom the Incarnation is a central truth in the Christian faith, have come to think that the story of the virgin birth does not meet scientific tests—tests of critical analysis of the gospels, of historical credibility, of rational probability. Therefore they can not accept it as a literal fact. As a recent writer puts it: "The story affronts reason, and in these modern days there is growing up a belief—heretical as yet, but, nevertheless, to be reckoned with—that truth is reasonable." And Bishop Lawrence, in his very personal little book, "Fifty Years," has just said: "With the conservatism of my nature, I have always acceded to the tradition, but with a mind open to further light. Some thirty years ago, however, I was convinced that there is no essential connection between the belief in the virgin birth and a belief in the incarnation." He voiced the mood of an increasing number who, whether definitely rejecting the tradition or not, have come to regard it as an uncertain basis on which to rest the supremacy of Jesus.

Is, then, the story valueless? On the contrary, it tells an all-important truth, of which creative imagination rather than prosaic fact is the native mode of speech.

In profound reverence and candor, does not the story mean this?—that in the spiritual endowment that made Jesus the Christ he was veritably the child of the Holy Spirit. Compared with that heavenly heritage his human parentage so little accounted for him as to be practically negligible. After the flesh the child of Joseph and Mary, child of a Nazarene home in the province of Palestine; but how little that really matters, in terms of what we know him to be, does that tell! We have hardly grazed the transfiguring truth that impels a heedless, noisy world to pause at Christmas and pay at least outward homage to the Bethlehem babe. That truth is that when Jesus was born there came into the world, as not before or since, the very life of God, as the friend

and companion of struggling humanity. The human origin fades into unimportance beside the heavenly. If sympathetic imagination be given its rights and we read as poets rather than as scribes, that is what the deathless story of the heavenly birth says.

We shrink from laying this lovely story, pure in feeling, chaste in speech, entwined with the sacred privacies not only of Christ's life but of all human life, on the critic's dissecting table. But it is the literalist who places it there when he mistakes a poet's interpretation for a treatise on biology.

It is the universal mystery of double parentage that confronts us, of which we are made supremely aware in the personality of Christ. We are all "conceived of the Holy Ghost" as sons of God. How that divine parentage is interblended with our human parentage no one knows. No student of heredity can solve the mystery. In the case of most of us, alas! the signs of our divine descent are too uncertain and dim to cause a wondering world to speculate whence we came; albeit many a mother, spiritual kinswoman to the Galilean madonna, sees in the eyes of her babe gleams of celestial glories. But when Christ came, and even more in the transfiguring afterglow of his going, his heavenly parentage was the simple and obvious reality. The annalist could tell the outward story, but only the insight of love could tell the meaning. "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; wherefore also that which is to be born shall be called holy, the Son of God."

He that hath ears to hear let him hear.

A Christmas Meditation

Richard H. McLaughlin

She shall bring forth a son and thou shalt call his name Jesus. Matt. 1 : 21.

CHRISTMAS is here again. It has come so often and with such little effect that many will greet it unmoved. But Christmas is none the less beautiful if men have rejected it. Long ago men rejected him whose birth it represents. Their rejection took no beauty from his spirit and only revealed the depth of their lack. The beauty of Jesus is but the brighter in contrast with the dark background of his day. He did not wish this to remain.

He would have so refined his day that his own presence would have lost its distinct outline as it blended with beautified human life. He would have it so now. He would lose the awful contrast of his perfection and our ghastly, broken efforts. He would have us—all of us here and in Europe—become so like him that he could move among us unnoticed. On the contrary, Jesus never stood out against a darker background than we of this generation offer our children's children.

Christmas is here again despite our failure. The birth of ideals, consecrated efforts and spiritual life is immortal in possibility. Whatever else is withdrawn, this silent offering of a new birth is never withdrawn. You can not create a condition so forlorn that this gentle spirit will reject it as a place of birth. The world can not be more tireless in sin than the spirit is tireless in love. And if the Christmas season is but a memorial of Jesus' birth, it must be remembered that in reality he is born again and again. So often has he been effaced in succeeding centuries and so often had renewal among men that Bethlehem is but one among many made sacred to his birth.

Christmas is here again and we are watching and yearning for the rebirth of that Spirit. Of what avail is distant Bethlehem if that Spirit fail to incarnate itself in men! Of what avail that word from the Mount of Beatitudes till once again that word becomes flesh and dwells among men! We are in the midnight among his sheep listening, intently listening, for a sweeter music than our time can offer. Show us a star in the "starless midnight." We will follow where it leads. We will follow, poor and helpless, till we come to the shrine of spirit reborn. We will stand there as shy and tongue-tied as were the shepherds, and poorer —with no gifts to offer but ourselves.

Christmas is here, and again we must make our choice. The benumbed and creeping philosophy that sways men to their ruin admits no defeat. How then can the solemn, sweet tones of this season ever die away! We are to make a choice. It is easiest to adopt the popular sophistication and apathy bordering on cultured paganism. Easiest to drift with that incredulous, worldly tide which has already plunged civilization into the rapids where death lurks. Of course we can not hope ever to be so light-hearted and care-free as before. None could see what we have seen and ever again be untroubled by it. It is easiest to think man a beast, Jesus a lovely myth, God a projection of mind, and tamely yield to the seeming inevitable.

Thank God we are pursued by a loftier challenge. We sense the unseen, enchanting pressure of a better way. There is a beauty against the background. against cowardly submission there is heroic opportunity. There is a better way than men have ever tried.

This better way is inexpressibly difficult. Its spirit is entirely one of sacrifice. It does not remove all obstacles, but is a way to surmount them. It does not explain all mysteries, but interprets the Spirit within all mysteries. This way has its cross, its garden and its pain. But its beauty is in its companionship with the Unseen, its consciousness of harmony with One who at last must win. Forlorn as the world may seem, there is a Spirit that does not disdain or refuse to company with it. May our trust in men be as great as his. May our valuation of the time not be less than his. Christmas is here again and men must have a rebirth of that Spirit or perish. May our poor lives and weak efforts be the manger it oft adorns. May we know that we can never be happy on that way with him until we hear the tramp of millions everywhere as they come to hear the solemn, sweet music of universal service and goodwill.

Leaves for the Healing of the Nations

Daniel Evans

THE sublime vision of the seer on the Isle of Patmos has brought consolation and inspiration to all manner of folk through the Christian centuries. We return to it time and again with our growing experience and the varying vicissitudes of life, and find what our hearts seek and need. If we think of the eternal future, the vision of the Holy City stirs our hearts and reinforces our wills, and makes us commune with our beloved dead. If we think of the temporal future, the vision of this Holy City that comes down from heaven and is established on the earth, and realizes all that was true and good and beautiful in the old Jerusalem, fires our hearts, and we take renewed courage as we work for the better day. There is more truth in this vision of the Holy City for our temporal life than we are wont to think, and one aspect of this insufficiently recognized truth is that which tells us of the tree of life, in the midst of the street, and on both sides of the river, which bears twelve manner of fruits and yields its fruit every month, and *the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.*

Then as now the wounds of the nations were many, grievous and dangerous. The hurts and diseases of nations are not only the plagues and pestilences and famines which affect the body, but also those of the spirit. It is true that nations have not suffered as much in body for centuries as during the past nine years. Millions of persons have died. Far more have died from starvation, malnutrition and disease than were killed in the war. These wounds, however grievous and deadly, are not as grievous or as deadly as those which have afflicted the souls of the nations. These more dangerous and deadly diseases are fear, greed, chauvinism, prejudice, hatred, cruelty, oppression, revenge. These are the deeper hurts, the more gaping wounds, the more deadly diseases. The medical profession has done marvels to heal the wounds of the body, but we have done little yet, in comparison, to heal the wounds of the spirit of the nations.

We are in great need of having the vision of the City of God with its tree of life and its leaves for the healing of those wounds and diseases of the nations. These leaves applied to these hurts will bring healing and health of mind. They are the leaves of solidarity, appreciation, confidence, sympathy, love. We are members of different nations, but all nations are parts of the one humanity. Each nation has its own genius, and makes its own contribution to humanity and takes its glory into the City of God. Each nation must put confidence in all other nations and banish fear from its heart, as it asks for confidence from all other nations, weeping with those who weep and rejoicing with those who rejoice, and not live in selfish, safe and indifferent isolation. Love is the only bond for nations, as for individuals and groups, and there must be an exorcism of selfishness, and the entrance of love into the hearts of the nations.

The Christian religion is the religion of the One God and Father of All, and the one humanity composed of all nations, races and peoples. It is the religion of and for humanity. All its fundamental truths and imperative duties are truths and duties relevant to the life of nations as well as of individuals. The healing of the nations is the great task of the Christian Church. The doctrine of the reconciliation of nations must be proclaimed and made effective. The leaves of the tree of life are in her possession for the healing of all these sore and dangerous wounds and diseases. Let her match the healing work of the medical profession done for the health of body and mind by her work done for the health of the soul of the nations.

Mobilizing for Peace*

William Pierson Merrill

THAT is a great word, "mobilizing." It means more than action, more than concerted action, more than rallying forces for a stroke at a certain time. The image in it is very clear and concrete. The phrase reveals the very point at which our efforts and programs for peace have broken down. We have talked peace, we have sung peace, we have planned peace, we have worked and prayed for peace. We have not *mobilized* for peace.

Back in the days when arguments were being urged for and against military preparedness, a well known popular orator declared that, were America threatened, "a million men would spring to her defense between sunrise and sunset." Apparently he thought that that was all that would be necessary. That is not mobilization. The word "mobilize" is not derived from the word "mob."

No one who was in France, or Germany, or Belgium, or England, in July and August, 1914, needs to be told that "mobilizing" involves more than springing to arms. It involves putting into operation a prearranged plan. Mobilization has in it at least four well-defined elements:

The first is *drill and education beforehand.* Each soldier comes, not asking what to do, but knowing what to do, and how to do it. Every man finds his pre-assigned place. For years patient drill has been going on, by which the forces have been trained, and have been made ready for action when the time shall come.

What would it mean for the churches of America, and the men and women of good will generally, to *mobilize* for peace? It would mean a long, patient, thoroughly organized drill, education as to facts of

*Address delivered at the eighth annual meeting of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, Philadelphia, Nov. 14.

war and peace, preparation on a wide scale for right participation in the fight for peace.

It would mean going into schools and Sunday schools, into homes and churches, with patient, slow growing educational processes, aims, and programs; to the end that in time there might be in this land a mighty host of men and women equipped to handle rightly this tremendous problem of war and peace, acquainted with the facts, familiar with the history and the principles of the movement for peace, knowing what to do and how to do it.

That work is not being done. Only faint and sporadic attempts have been made. The great commissions on peace of our various religious organizations ought to see this as their chief opportunity and task. There has been too much public talk and too little private training, too many sermons and too little study; too many voices crying in the wilderness, too few patient teachers of children and youth, too much agitation, too little inculcation. To mobilize for peace would mean setting adequate forces at work to produce the slow but sure formation of right public opinion on war and peace.

The second element in real mobilization is *division and correlation of functions and responsibilities.*

Each regiment, each corps, each division, *knows where to go and what to do.* That is mobilization. That is not what has been done in the work for peace. Imagine that when the regiments came to report in France or Germany, the war authorities had met them with a benevolent smile, and said: "You know in general how to use your weapons; you know in general where the enemy is. God bless you, go on, and shoot!" That would have meant, not mobilization, but demoralization. But is not that about what we have been doing in peace efforts? Countless societies, unions, leagues, commissions, alliances, corporations, associations, for peace, or against war, each acting independently, each trying to cover all the field, each shooting at the common foe in its own way, each getting in the other's way, each occasionally hit by the fire of the others. Once again, *mob*-ilization, not *mo*-bilization. Mobilization demands a general staff. There ought to be a general staff of the peace movement in America. Whence shall its authority be derived? Who shall appoint it? How can functions and responsibilities be rightly divided? I do not know. But we all rejoice in the fact that two leading organizations for peace, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and the American Section of the World Alliance, which have too long and too far been working independently of each other, are seriously trying to work out a real plan for effective co-operation; and I know I voice the general sentiment of the men and women of the World Alliance, when I say, to *all* agencies working in this field, "We stand ready to go to the limit in the *attempt* to adjust programs, combine efforts, divide responsibilities, and assign functions, to the end that our efforts for peace may be more unified and effective."

The third element in real mobilizing is the *providing of unstinted resources.*

We must have not only the "million men springing to arms," we must have arms for them to spring to. We must have large resources, adequate for the work that must be done. A nation which faced war with its armies levied and assembled, but with no understanding with banks and factories, would be beaten in a few days. Mobilization means knowing whence the money and materials are to come.

A Christmas Proclamation

A TROUBLED and turbulent world confronts us. Confused thinking and chaotic conditions are everywhere apparent. Pessimism threatens. Despair lurks in the distance. Faith has been shaken and shattered.

Many people, their bearings lost, have given up hope. Bruised and broken in spirit, chilled by cold materialism, stricken by fear, they cry out for deliverance.

Here is a challenge and an opportunity for the Church. The basic facts of life are spiritual. The religion of Jesus is the hope of society. True to its heritage, the Universalist denomination is prepared to meet its responsibility. In compliance with the recommendation of the Providence Convention, Christmas Day, December 25, 1923, is hereby designated as the date on which we are to inaugurate a period of special Christian endeavor to be known as the Christ Crusade.

Our purpose is to give renewed emphasis to the great spiritual enterprise of the Church. With reinforced determination, enlarged vision and added facilities, we propose to press forward in the struggle to make Christ's law of love the universal practise of life. Fittingly, our day of commencement commemorates the birth of Jesus and the beginning of his influence upon the thought and life of mankind.

The fruits of our intensive effort will be a reinvigorated body of believers; a greater, stronger ministry; a substantial increase in membership; a missionary passion; a zeal for service to a soul-hungry world; a social order increasingly imbued with the ideals of Jesus.

We call upon our ministers and people to pledge anew their loyalty to the holy purpose that has ever been the goal of the Church.

John Smith Lowe,
General Superintendent.

Have the churches, or the American people as a whole, ever mobilized for peace? Some of the most ambitious and active movements for peace have to spend much of their time getting together funds, and must plan their work and their publications with an eye to their use as advertising media and money-getters. Somehow money must be available for peace, as it is for war.

Nor does this apply only to voluntary contributions. We ought to demand that governments be as ready to spend money in the interests of peace as they are in the interests of war.

Suppose that, all over the world, one tenth part, or one hundredth part, of the energy and determination, the expenditure and sacrifice, that went to the making of war had gone for the making of peace. Would we not have peace now, instead of a mere armistice? Why should we assume that nations may spend millions for defense and not one cent for friendship? How is it that we can spend billions in making war, but can not even consider any adjustment of the indebtedness of other nations to us, no matter how essential it is to the order of peace of the world? Why is it that constitutions and laws make it so easy to spend money for war, and so hard to spend it for peace? We need to change the emphasis, to make governments no less than individuals give unstintedly for the encouragement and maintenance of peace.

But the immediate concern is that churches and individuals shall play their part in a real mobilizing movement, by providing resources not so indecently inadequate as those at present available. Men ought to support the peace movement somewhat as they bought Liberty Bonds.

The fourth element in real mobilization is the *dropping of all minor interests.*

That is what mobilization means. Men let go other matters, even important matters, to take hold with both hands on that which makes for victory. How we forgot differences, merged interests, subordinated all private or group advantage, that we might all make war! We ought now to ignore differences, merge interests, subordinate private and group advantage, that we may all make peace.

Something like that we must do, if we are to *mobilize* for peace.

There is a great saying in the Bible—that book which most of us avow to be our divinely inspired guide, but which we so easily ignore when it commands inconvenient things—"Seek peace, and *pursue it.*" That little verse lays its hand on the weak point in the fight for peace. We have dreamed peace, and talked about it. We have planned peace, and then picked flaws in the plans. We have not *pursued* peace. We have not *made* peace, and we *made* war. We have not built the machinery of peace, as we eagerly, and at staggering cost, built the enginery of war.

When war came, we dropped everything else, and pursued it. When peace drew near, we said, "Let her come," and went about our business. If we want peace, we must go after it, as a falcon pursues a dove, never letting up until we have secured it.

That is a great word, "pursue." It is more than a military word. When we speak of some business or profession or art as a man's "pursuit," we mean that it is no side-issue in his life, but a major interest, or even a maximum interest. There is always a strong hint of earnestness, abandon, real live attention, about the word "pursue." To "pursue one's studies" means more than merely to "attend college."

Now, one great trouble is that we have not *pursued* peace. We have sat and waited for it; we have stood up and sung about it; we have knelt down and prayed for it. We have denounced war; we have apostrophized peace. But we have not *pursued* it, keeping on its trail until it is ours. We have pursued it only in that scatter-brained fashion in which the Bellman and his companions hunted the Snark.

We have made the cause of peace a *fad*, rather than a pursuit. The essence of the *fad* is temporary interest in an end we want; the essence of the *pursuit* is untiring growth in mastery of the *means* to the end.

The American people have this as one of their chief defects—they take to fads rather than to pursuits. They talk and sing about ideals and hopes; but they hate to take the steps necessary to reach the goal they talk about so fervently. The American people have wanted peace; they have not *pursued* it.

When will nations and governments pursue peace as they pursue war, get ready for peace as they get ready for war, *make* peace as now they *make* war? In the pursuit of war, governments stop at nothing. In the pursuit of peace, they stop at anything. In war, we forget old jealousies, distrust of other nations and races, and motives of self-interest, in the pursuit of the common cause; but no motive is too small, no plea of self-interest too ignoble, no jealousy too ill-founded, to be urged as sufficient reason for staying out of the co-operative pursuit of peace. Peace must pursue the governments, convince and convert them. If once they would pursue peace as they pursue war, we would have peace that would last as long as the moon endures.

All this may sound very general and rather remote. What can each of us individually do, to help *mobilize* for peace?

Four specific things we can do; if we all do them, it will mean much.

The first thing you and I and every one can do is to *know and make known the facts about war.*

Nothing should stop us in this work. One grave danger threatening mankind is that a new generation will come up, trained and accustomed to look back on this war, as men have always looked back on war from a distance, as a glorious and wonderful affair. We must not let the sense of the hideous gruesomeness of the horrible business of fighting fade out. The best of our fighting men came back with their lips sealed. They would not talk about the war. Can we wonder? Yet they ought to talk. They ought never to let any one forget what war is, as waged to-day. We ought to read, and pass on, and keep in circulation, such books as Will Irwin and Philip Gibbs and others have been writing. Strong influences are at work to suppress or set aside such discussions of the nature of war; they tell us we must not tell these facts, or we can get no men to enlist in our army and navy. Well, if men can be got into our army and navy only by misrepresenting war and what it means, it is too high a

price to pay. Tell the truth, the whole truth, about the savage, beastly, devilish conditions of modern war. To do less is to play false to the cause of peace.

One of the facts that heartens us is that some of the best men in our army and navy are telling the truth and facing the facts. Some of the most effective and wise pleas against war and for peace it has ever been my privilege to hear have come from officers high in the military and naval service of our nation. Every Christian, every lover of peace, should put real thought and energy into the task of keeping unveiled that grim horror of the business of war. It was a stern fighter who said, "War is *hell!*" and no one has any business trying to make people believe that after all hell is not so very bad.

A second part of the pursuit of peace for every one of us is in bearing untiring witness against the ever-recurring falsehood that "war is inevitable," that man is by nature a fighting animal, and that therefore peace is an idle dream.

Twice during the past week that false doctrine has thrust itself into prominence. In a French town a monument had been erected to the men who died in the Great War. On it were the words, *"Guerre a la guerre,"* French equivalent of our slogan, "A war to end war." The inscription was ordered removed, as unpatriotic. A distinguished British jurist gave a rectorial address at a Scotch university, in which he called war inevitable, repeated the statement that "man is a fighting animal," and declared that self-interest and not idealism should guide nations.

We abhor and reject such statements as unworthy of men who believe in God. Of course, man is by nature a fighting animal; but so he is by nature a lustful animal, a slave-holding animal, a self-seeking animal. But must he *stay so?* Must he go on along the low level?

The fact that man is a fighting animal no more means that he will always fight than the fact that he is an ignorant animal means that he will always remain ignorant, or the fact that he has powerful impulses and appetites means that he will always be drunken and gluttonous and unchaste. In the name of God, and of Jesus Christ, why are we here if not to overcome the lower nature and bring it into captivity to the obedience of Christ?

No Christian ought to hear it said that "war is inevitable," without taking the first and best opportunity to nail it as a lie. No evil is inevitable, nothing wrong need continue. This is God's world, and nothing is to be taken as permanent that is not right.

The third way in which we can join in the pursuit of peace is in helping to *remove the causes of war.*

We have been too ready to think it enough to inveigh against war. That we must do—but that is not enough. Men and nations fight not because they want to fight, but because war has in the particular case become unavoidable, through the outworking of certain causes. No one who was in Britain in early August of 1914 can doubt that that nation went into the war with a heavy heart, and against its will. The causes lay far back; they always do. To pursue peace is to get back to those causes and remove them.

War is like disease. It does some good to warn against dread diseases, and keep people awake to the danger of them. But to eradicate disease, find the causes, and deal with them, rather than with the symptoms. This is the fault I find with the pacifist. Many are belaboring him, most of them because they say he goes too far. I find fault with him in that he does not go far enough. He talks of war as if it were an isolated thing, something you could deal with "in itself," the simple remedy being to abstain from it. There is value in such a crusade. But it is too much like saying, in the presence of a plague: "This plague is horrible, ghastly. Have nothing to do with it." The only way to deal with this disease of war is to get back to the causes and eliminate them.

Study about them; become intelligent; come to see the intimate connection between war and economic conditions; estimate the effect of race feeling, and overwrought nationalism, and other causes, on the bringing about of war. Encourage the agencies that make for better understanding of the underlying causes of war. That is one of the open ways for the pursuit of peace.

The fourth clear way of participating in the pursuit of peace is through urging the taking of such practical steps as are immediately possible.

Here is where we have failed. There is no use in reviving old controversies. It is possible that those were right who kept America out of the League of Nations. But those were wrong who merely kept us *out* of that, and offered nothing else for us to be *in!* There are steps which ought to be taken now, things which might be done. We should *pursue* those things.

One of them is the World Court. No good argument has been urged against American participation in it. Yet the matter hangs fire; there is no prospect of decisive action. Every American Christian ought to look into that matter. If he believes that our country ought to participate in the World Court, he should use every ounce of influence he possesses to get the Government to take the necessary steps. Here is something more tangible than a dream, something to be *pursued,* until we have it.

Again, we should exert our utmost powers to get and keep good-will between our country and other nations, most of all just now between the United States and Great Britain.

I say this not as a partisan of Great Britain, but as a lover of peace. The reasons for holding America and Great Britain close together just now are so weighty that any American, whether he be of Anglo-Saxon, or French, or German, or whatever ancestry, should give his best to that cause. These are the two nations which came out from the war with strength least impaired. They have a common language, common institutions, common traditions. Great Britain is the only world power with a large and growing part of her empire on this continent.

We are both interested in the sea and its trade as few other people are. Those are plain facts, and they make clear our duty, for all that makes for cordial relations with that great empire.

But we must stand for the largest and fullest possible co-operation with *all* nations. We must do our utmost to encourage and foster good-will among

races and peoples. These are perfectly definite ends, which we can pursue along perfectly clear paths. Every one of us should make such pursuit of peace one of his major interests.

Other ways will be found, if we really make peace our pursuit and not merely our fad. One ingenious man has recently found a way to set people thinking and planning for world peace, by offering a large prize for the best plan. It is Mr. Bok's own way, a way that would naturally appeal to the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, but it has had an immediate and strong effect, which ought to encourage others to cease *patronizing* peace and to begin the *pursuit* of peace.

One thing more we can do, stand for the integrating and against the disintegrating forces, in our national, social, industrial, and church life. We can always be on the side of that which unifies, and against that which divides. We can be a part of that which holds the Church together, the nation together, the world together. Especially should all good churchmen and churchwomen set themselves to make the Church a united and unifying force. Strong divisive forces are at work in the Church. We must strengthen the constructive, comprehensive, unifying forces. We must do all we can to get the laborers in the Lord's vineyard to spend less time building and repairing doctrinal fences, and more time raising the fruits of the spirit. We might well make it our motto, "Fruits, rather than fences." A church not big enough, not religious enough, to be at peace within itself, can not help the cause of peace and good-will on earth.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," said One before whom we all bow in reverence, "for they shall be called sons of God." Those who *make anything* good are akin to God, the *maker* of heaven and earth.

But we need to learn anew how God makes things. It is hard work to make anything worth while. We have just begun to learn that God is making the world by hard work. In the brilliant and wonderful light of the principle of evolution, we see no longer an easy-going Deity, sitting on a throne and making worlds swing into being by some magic word, or wave of the scepter, as a child blows soap bubbles. We see a God at work "in the mud and scum of things," the God Jesus saw when he said, "My Father works even until now, and I work."

We have tried to make peace as simpler folk thought God made the world: "Let us have peace; and there was peace." It does not come that way. We must *make* peace with the infinite patience, the infinite sacrifice, with which God is making His world, leading stubborn stuff into forms of beauty and use.

Mobilizing for peace, pursuing peace, making peace—that is what we must do. Only such a spirit in all of us will ever bring that great end of peace and good-will on earth.

Too long we have been fooling with peace. It is time to say to ourselves, and to one another,

> "Come now, let us cast off fooling,
> And put by ease and rest;
> For the cause alone is worthy,
> Till the good days bring the best,
> Ah, come, cast off all fooling;
> For this at least we know,
> That the dawn and the day are coming,
> And forth the banners go!"

What the Register Says of Our Position

A FRIEND sharply admonishes us. We said in a recent editorial that nine-tenths of all Protestants still believe in the infallible authority of the Bible binding the soul, exactly as all Roman Catholics believe in the infallible authority of the Church; that there is no essential difference between the two, and that Protestantism as a whole has made no progress in a generation. So we declared; but our neighbor the *Universalist Leader* thinks we exaggerate, and it adds that we ought to "let these theological debates alone."

First, do we overstate the case? One authority, President Ozora S. Davis, is head of the Chicago Theological Seminary, a Congregational institution of accepted evangelical standing. He knows better than any churchman in America the religious conditions of Protestantism in this country, because he has studied them more minutely and carefully than any one else. He says publicly that fundamentalists, at a conservative estimate, number seventy-five per cent of all Protestants in the Far West and the Pacific Coast, fifty per cent in the South and the Middle West, and at least twenty-five per cent in the East. It should be made plain that a fundamentalist is worse than a mere literalist, because the former adds to the dogma of literal Biblical infallibility a tremendous emphasis on the doctrines of the blood atonement, the carnal resurrection, and the carnal second coming of Jesus in terror and might as a trampler of the bodies of men. Believe these, he says, or be damned! That is, fundamentalists are the superliteralists, and therefore only a part of the larger number which we say are ninety per cent of Protestantism.

Another prominent man, Prof. George W. Richards of the Reformed Theological Seminary in Lancaster, Pa., in a series of lectures has declared plainly and fearlessly that three-fourths of all Protestants are still kept in the bonds of a religion of authority, which means they must believe the Bible is absolutely the word of God without error to the last jot and tittle. The Reformation has never touched these multitudes at all.

We wonder if our Universalist colleague knows this, we wonder if he knows what the dominant idea of Protestantism all about us really is. The best journalistic authority we can think of in the United States is the *Presbyterian*. We take the very latest number, Nov. 22, 1923, and we quote from a leading editorial. The opinion represents nine-tenths of Protestantism. It is a direct reply to Dr. Frederick Lynch, who said in his paper, *Christian Work*, what we have reiterated for years, that *fundamentalism and Romanism are nearer together than fundamentalism and liberalism*. Reader, stop and think how amazing such an assertion is. And it is not denied, but rather

confirmed by the *Presbyterian*, which replies to Dr. Lynch: "If the recognition of an external authority in religion is that which distinguishes Romanism from Protestantism, it must be freely conceded that fundamentalists are much nearer Rome than they suspect. For, unquestionably, *the fundamentalists do believe in an external authority in religion. Much as they differ among themselves, they are all agreed that the Bible is the Word of God, and as such an infallible rule of faith and practise.*" (Our italics.) But, the editor continues, Dr. Lynch "proves too much." *It is not Roman, but Christian, to be under external authority.* Quoting approvingly the noted theologian, Dr. Benjamin Warfield, the *Presbyterian* says: "Religion, of course, we can have without external authority, for man is a religious animal, and will function religiously and everywhere. But Christianity, no. Christianity rests on 'external authority,' and that for the very good reason that it is not a product of man's religious sentiment but is a gift from God. To ask us to set aside external authority and throw ourselves back on 'religious experience,' 'the inner light,' 'the immanent divine,' is to ask us to discard Christianity and revert to natural religion." There is the whole show. That is the religion of Protestantism's great nine-tenths.

Continuing, the editorial makes plain what it all means. "Fundamentalists, and conservatives in general," it says, "*have more in common with Roman Catholics than they have with Liberals.*"

Second, we would say, what our Universalist friend and everybody else knows, of course, that we are not making this issue. It is ready-made. We are meeting it, attacking it as the prevailing and spiritually debauching heresy of our time, from which some few people like Bishop Lawrence are trying to free themselves. We encourage them in order that others may follow their glorious lead. We do not fully know why people are more interested in doctrine than in anything else in religion. But they are. The fact is, their theology is one of the most important facts in their lives. We take men as they are, as they always will be. God made them so, we should say. We see again and again the few oh-be-joyful, everything-is-lovely people who say that beliefs are not important. We see moonshine on the eager faces of trembling souls who love their illusions and say with rhapsody, "Let us go now together and do these wondrous works of social service." But soon something about it breaks. We have the experience repeatedly of seeing the ultimate questions of God, Life, Destiny, Salvation, come back. They will not down. Bishop Lawrence, for example, has divided the whole Episcopal Church over these things.

What we deplore is the recreancy of liberal leadership in the face of a menace to our souls and a challenge to our faith. If we would do our whole duty, we could redeem the people from dangerous teachers who infest this land. Think, for instance, of the largest congregation in New England, under the shadow of the headquarters of two of the most enlightened Churches in Christendom, the Unitarian and the Congregational. Dr. Jasper C. Massee speaks monstrous religious lies into their simple, impressionable souls week after week. What awful stuff! And the great radio station of one of the stores in Boston is a broadcasting accomplice in this wretched business. Into thousands of homes the evil things about a fiendish, murderous God are poured in the name of the religion of Christ. It is terrible. We should as lief hear a minister advise a maiden to yield her chastity, a youth to steal a purse, as to have people taught as they are taught by Dr. Massee. He said recently to a radio audience that the same God who "threw a monkey-wrench into the machinery" and "strewed the streets of Tokyo and Yokohama with a hundred thousand dead" might be expected in Boston. Any morning one might find the bleeding, dying bodies of "a hundred thousand people in our streets." It is coming to us, he said.

And who combats this sort of thing? Who understands the infamy that lies back of it? We are almost a solitary voice crying in the wilderness of decadence. Who beside? Even our Universalist contemporary says in effect, Forget it! Not twelve outstanding men in Protestantism—though some lesser men do—dare to say what we say and what they know, for they would be destroyed by their churches if they did say it. How they would like to thunder that all of this abysmal ignorance, superstition, bitterness, and thwarting of God for a time, goes back to the religion of authority. It is in the Bible. It must be believed.

Go over the Churches one by one. What is the record? We know of not one eminent Methodist who dares to speak. Bishop Francis J. McConnell could not do it safely, great as he is. As one of his brother ministers said to us, "It would go hard with him, if he did." See what the Methodists did to Hinckley G. Mitchell; and very recently to J. D. M. Buckner. It crucified the one, and cast out the other. Presbyterians? One lone, heroic figure, Dr. L. Mason Clarke, of Brooklyn, N. Y., dares and yet lives. But he is not exactly outstanding. What of an eminent Presbyterian like William Pierson Merrill? We heard him at worship in his own church, Sunday morning, Nov. 4, come to that hard sentence in the Apostles' Creed. He pumped himself up to it, and said, "He descended into hell." He did not mean that. It was untruth.

Baptists? One certain voice speaks, Vedder of Crozier; and President Faunce occasionally, though not insistently. Harry Emerson Fosdick? No. He has chosen to be a popular preacher. He might have been a great leader. Disciples of Christ? Morrison of the *Christian Century* almost says it, and then he remembers his subscribers' sensibilities. None other eminent in that communion dares. Congregationalists? Remember, we speak of outstanding men. We think of only one, and we name him with qualification. Frank M. Sheldon, head of Sunday school work, would if he could, but they will not let him. Like Dr. Theodore G. Soares, he is all right when he is among Unitarians in their meetings. And by the way, the recent Congregational National Council in Springfield, Mass., was carefully kept "safe" by a cautious and clever committee, so no stand was taken on the greatest issue of modern times. Everything was quiet, smooth.

Episcopalians? Bishop Lawrence. Shout his name from the housetops. He is no coward, no

time-server, who cheats his soul with the fallacy that doctrines are unimportant. He knows you can only have pure religion by believing honest, intelligent doctrine. So we have gone over the ground. We know of no one else of eminence in the land, outside the Liberal Churches, who will tell the truth as he knows the truth, who will be square about religion. And so the people who follow their leaders round a circle are as far from the light as they were a generation ago. We stick to that. The alleged liberals are afraid and silent, the fundamentalists are determined and outspoken. How can we expect liberal victory by thus lying down? Or does it not matter?

If the *Leader* thinks it can better serve God and this generation by "letting these theological debates alone," our answer is first that the others, the fundamentalists, as illustrated by the *Presbyterian*, which is typical, do not and will not let them alone. On the contrary, they declare accurately and frankly, militantly and persuasively, that their stand for authority makes them nearer to Roman Catholicism than to Protestant Liberalism. So they teach and influence the minds of the multitude. They teach a religion which is the opposite of ours in both theory and practise. We can understand Romanists who stand by their historic principles frankly and consistently. But we regard as foes in our own household those who have made the Protestant principle null and void by denying our freedom. And especially we think that those of the great spiritual privilege who have come into a heritage of freedom by the precious travail and sacrifice of their immortal fathers—Murray, Ballou, Channing, Parker—have a sacred, inviolable obligation to carry freedom onward and upward. They must not sell it for a mess of inter-ecclesiastical pottage sweetened with treacle.—*Editorial in Christian Register, Nov.* 29.

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We did not admonish the *Register* to "let these debates alone." We called attention to the fact that the attitude of an overwhelming majority in the Protestant Church is to "get busy and make the kingdom come here and now and let these theological debates alone."

We sympathize with that position as stating one phase of truth, and we sympathize on the other hand with all earnest, honest attempts to discover and state new truth.

What we tried to say was that in measuring the liberalism of the country we must consider not only what people say they believe but what they really believe. The general attitude of wanting to love God, follow Christ and make religion a practical thing is an indication of essential liberalism even in churches where creeds remain unchanged.

Likewise there is a great body of square, decent people outside all churches, or at least inactive church members, entirely out of sympathy with the fundamentalists. They appraise the loudness, the vulgarity, the fanaticism, the un-Christian conduct, at its true worth.

We have a suspicion that many of these fundamentalists are not as black as they are painted, that at heart they want what we want, and that is the rule of the spirit of Christ here upon earth.

And where the fundamentalists are as black as they are painted, they defeat themselves. Take these Baptist Bible Union people in New York week before last. Dr. Shields succeeded in having it published far and wide that he would not sit on the same platform with President Faunce, and Dr. Pettingill made everybody hear and understand that all who disagreed with him would go to hell.

Both succeeded in drawing out an editorial for the thousands of readers of the *New York World* of which the following is a part:

> But what must strike them forcibly, as it has struck other observers of this gathering, is the quality of soul which fundamentalism seems to produce. These men claim to live not only by the spirit but by the very letter of the Bible. They assert that every word of it is literally inspired and is a Divine truth. And yet, thinking all that, when they come to deal with disagreement on an article of doctrine, they are filled with bitterness, eaten with hate.
>
> Not one note of the humility of Jesus is found in the speeches of these men. Not one note of charity. Not one note of forgiveness. Not one note of gentleness. But instead curses and pugnacity, fire and brimstone and all uncharitableness. It is amazing how little of the spirit of the Gospels prevailed in the savage anger of fundamentalists at Calvary Church.
>
> No doubt they are sincere and believe they are serving the truth. But how pitiable it is that men should set up as judges of the orthodoxy of all mankind and then betray themselves not only as stubborn opponents of human reason but as altogether incapable of practising the religion which they think they are defending. For what future can there be in this world for a theological sect which rejects the findings of the intellect and then substitutes for the teaching of charity an indulgence in rather foul-mouthed abuse?
>
> If this is fundamentalism in action, one can only feel sorry for the fundamentalists. They are fighting a rear-guard action in which they are bound not only to be defeated but to lose without winning the respect of the victors. That need not have been so. Were they content to affirm what they believe, they might go down bravely like many others who have clung to beaten causes. But they insist not only on their own faith. They demand the right to insult their fellow men, to drive them out of all fellowship, to send them eternally to hell.
>
> In that arrogance and in that bad temper fundamentalism will drown itself amid the derision of civilized men.

We admire the *Christian Register* both for its looks and its brains. It wields a strong influence far beyond its own denomination and has the respect of many who do not share its views. With all that it says about liberals being true to themselves and their distinctive task, we are in full sympathy and we like the way in which the *Register* goes about its work. All we were trying to do was to show the *Register* that it is not "a solitary voice crying in a wilderness of decadence," but that the mountain is full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

The vehemence and passion of the Stratons and Shieldses and their kind is easily understood when we reflect that of necessity they feel insecure. All the laws of the universe are against them. Even with such brains as they have, they dimly sense this, and

so go into the fight with the bitterness and cruelty which are such characteristics of their movement.

But with us we have God and Christ and the universities and the great body of learning the race has been building up for thousands of years, and we are undisturbed. To us the fundamentalists are King Canute vainly attempting to order back the advancing waves.

How well President Faunce put this when he was asked about these meetings in New York. He said:

"The Baptist Bible Union, now holding meetings in New York, represents a novel movement on the part of a very small minority. It aims to establish new schools and new missionary societies which shall be centers of rigid and reactionary doctrine. It seems likely to slough off from the Baptists and establish a new denomination in close sympathy with the Second Adventists. All denominations have their difficulties in these chaotic days. The only remedy is for Christian men quietly to live the Christian life and believe the morning sun will rise."

We do not presume to admonish our brilliant and versatile contemporary, but we permit ourselves to regret that the *Register* does not better know men like Dr. Faunce, Bishop McConnell, Wm. Pierson Merrill, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Morrison of the *Christian Century*, Sheldon and the others.

To us they are noble figures. Strategically placed, "eligibles" for the conflict, courageous, tactful, they are bringing thousands back to the simple religion of Jesus, proclaimed by our Unitarian and Universalist fathers. And as to the speed they shall go and the weapons they shall use, we prefer to let them decide.

No, dear *Register*, though you are not infallible, we admire you, and might even love you if anybody ever did love an editor. Go on to the battle. We follow along. We will try not to Pollyannaize. You try not to scold.

Why We Are Universalists

Vincent E. Tomlinson

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you. 1 Peter 3 : 15.

IF the truth were told, some of us, I suppose, are Universalists by *inheritance*. Our fathers and mothers before us were, perhaps our grandparents. We came by it naturally, then. We are set in this groove, and it is not easy to get us out of it.

Others are Universalists by *affiliation*. Their youth was spent in some other church, but they married, and that changed this as it did many other things for them. They felt the family ought to be united in their church home, and the wife pulled the stronger oar, or the husband, and they landed here. Sometimes Universalists by marriage become some of our most zealous adherents, in other instances they seem to be always apologizing for the fact, and make it their excuse for half-hearted allegiance.

Others, again, are Universalists for *social reasons*. Their friends are here, they have heard of the good times we have. They try us and feel at home and so, for the time being at least, are good Universalists.

All of these classes contribute something to the success of the Church. It would be ungracious to minimize in the least their influence, and yet we must be conscious that what I have described is a sort of "skin-deep" Universalism—good, as far as it goes, but not going very far. It is conceivable if such were asked about our Church and our faith, some of them would be completely at sea. "I go there," they would say, "and like it; but do not ask me concerning something that I know almost next to nothing about. Ask the minister, or some one who knows more about it." And this leads us to say that there is still one other kind of a Universalist, and that is, a Universalist by *conviction*—one who knows something of the history and genius of the Church to which he adheres. He may be a Universalist by inheritance, by affiliation, through social reasons, or for some other cause, but he is also an intelligent believer of our faith, and can give an answer to every man that asketh a reason for the hope that is in him. These are the Universalists that contribute most to the life of the Church, that justify its existence, and ensure its perpetuity.

What would such a one say if asked why he were a Universalist? I think he would say first of all that he was here because this was a Church that *stood for liberty*. Freedom is dear to him and here it is guaranteed.

One hundred and fifty years ago, when our Church came into being here in America, it uttered its protest against many teachings that were current. It challenged, for example, the almost universal proclamation of the doctrine of everlasting punishment. It said it was unworthy of God and dishonoring to man; that while wrong-doing is manifestly punished, an endless hell is unthinkable and useless. Our fathers were charged with holding a "dangerous doctrine" and were often denied the Christian name; but, persuaded of their truth, they continued to teach their more humane views of the divine government, and many are they to-day in all of the Churches that have accepted it.

It took some courage in the old days to hold such views, where it requires none now; but the champions of Universalism believed in liberty of opinion and were glad to be pioneers. And this has been a marked characteristic of our Church always, and never more than to-day. When the disclosures of modern science were unsettling the conventional views of many, our Church maintained that truth is one, and that we should welcome it from whatever source.

A theory like Evolution, for example, we did not assail; but found in it confirmation of the great law of progress which Universalism postulates. So, too, with modern investigation of the Bible. We were hos-

pitable to it, believing that more knowledge is the best antidote of half knowledge. This is the temper and spirit of the Universalist Church, to claim liberty of opinion for ourselves and to grant it to others. We say:

"Seize on the truth where'er 'tis found
Among your friends, among your foes.
On pagan or on Christian ground,
The flower's divine where'er it blows."

We do not assert that this adherence to liberty of opinion is the exclusive possession of our Church. Others are marked by it, but many are not, and in some that try to be open-minded the weight of conservatism is so great that they find their progress seriously impeded. If your motto is, "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good," you will be at home in the Universalist Church. If you claim for yourself the widest freedom of thought on all questions and are glad to grant it to others, there is nothing in the history or the present day attitude of the Universalist Church that will hamper you in the slightest degree, and that is saying a great deal.

In the second place, this is a Church that stands for *law*. We do not believe in magic; we do not encourage death-bed repentance; we do not think that some priestly hocus-pocus can be a substitute for character.

As we view life this is a world of cause and effect. Religion is not to save us in our sins, but from them. It is not to defeat the ends of justice, but to uphold them. One of the greatest criticisms upon the teaching and conduct of some of the Churches has been that through the sales of indulgences and substitutionary atonements they have encouraged men to think they could escape the consequences of their misdeeds. But the world is not built in that way. It is not one of chance, but of law. Whatever our professions, whatever our vain repentances, we shall reap as we sow.

Some have thought because the Universalist Church did not believe in an endless hell it did not believe in punishment; but no Church has believed in it more. We can not break any of God's laws without having visited upon us the penalty, whether it be touching a hot stove, or outraging our conscience.

What some have deemed our weakness in overlooking the fact of retribution, has really been our strong point; for we have taught it not in an irrational way affronting men's sense of justice, as a hopeless hell in a future world does, but as the inevitable harvest of the wrong we do, here as well as anywhere, now as well as any time. Do you wish shame and tears to be your portion? Then fail to listen to that still, small voice when it pleads with you. Would you know "the soul's calm sunshine and its heartfelt joy?" Then learn the will of God and do it.

The Universalist faith is a sensible faith, it is a workable faith. It helps us to take life as it is and to understand it. And if we master its principles in this world, they will apply in any world. Profoundly, then, do we believe in the stability of nature, and of God's moral and spiritual laws as they affect our lives; and it helps to give us a Church free from superstition and feverish excesses. It teaches us to know where we are and where we are going and the way to our goal, and there is a great deal of comfort and sanity in a faith like that. If you are harassed by doubt and fear, why not try the Universalist way of life? Why not gain the confidence and poise of feeling that this is a world of order and our business is to get in line with it and know the joy of those in harmony with God?

In the third place, the Universalist Church believes in *love* in all its implications and in all its power. Liberty is a good thing, and so, too, a knowledge of the laws of life; but we can not have a religion without love. It will all be colorless and cold unless the heart gets into it. And this is Universalism's distinctive merit.

It exalts love to the highest and most commanding place in the divine order. Everything is tested by this. Of God we say that "He is love;" of our human relations, "Love is the fulfilling of the law;" of destiny, "Love never faileth." The trouble with the old theology was that it emphasized law at the expense of love. Sometimes to-day, in the inadequate thinking of some, love or liberty are stressed at the expense of law. But we can not set these three-fold characteristics of a sound religion against each other without weakening the structure.

If time permitted, we might show how history is full of examples of types of religion which have failed because they overemphasized one quality—the religion of the Grove, in Greece, which appealed most exclusively to the feelings; Puritanism, where the conscience became morbid and almost diseased lest it break the law and offend God; and France under the Revolution, where an exaggerated conception of liberty like a devouring flame consumed everything else. It is balance that a Church must have, or an individual, to exert any lasting influence. We must be free in our thinking and encourage it in others. We must bring our conscience in accord with the moral law, and resolutely stand for it in society, and the heart must glow with a great and pure affection if we are to be true sons and daughters of God. From the side of love, the world has a great deal to learn to come up to the Universalist position. In much that passes for Christianity there is no real trust in God. Men are taught to serve Him not because they love Him, but because they fear His displeasure. An offended deity and an eternal hell! If these could be gotten out of men's thought of religion, and a loving Father be substituted, how different it all would be. And this the Universalist Church has been saying for one hundred and fifty years. How sweet human life would be, too, if love ruled it. If for our class consciousness and race prejudice and sectarian differences we could be governed by love and good will! This was the *Gospel Jesus preached.*

Back in the early days of the Church, the time of Origen, there were many pronounced Universalists, and they were called by those who held harsher views, "Brethren of Mercy." And brethren of mercy Universalists are, trusting God to the uttermost and believing in brotherhood as the only true solution of society's ills. And this reign of love we cast into the future, investing it with hope for all, not filling it with dread, as though the worst thing that could happen to one were to die.

If any other Church has written the triumph of love upon its banners as high as have we, I do not know of it. This has been our offending, that we have accepted it in its largest fulfilment, that through our teaching of the universal Fatherhood and the universal brotherhood, we have championed, and almost alone, salvation which shall be universal, the reign of Christianity in all hearts with truth triumphing over error, right over wrong, love over hate, and good over evil. If such a program of life appeals to you, and you wish to help carry it out, you will be at home in the Universalist Church and find increasing joy in your faith and in the service to which it invites you. Your reason will not be affronted, your conscience will not be neglected, your heart will not be chilled, but called to fullest exercise.

We love our Church and want others to love it. We can see no reason why Universalists should leave it for New Thought, Christian Science, or anything else. While we are not one of the large Churches of the country, and have not the wealth and prestige of some, we do believe we have a mission—that in our way we are serving God and our generation—and welcome those to our ranks who with open minds and fearless hearts would stand with us for liberty and law and love.

More Tributes to Dr. Bisbee

A FRIEND AND COMPANION

Harry Adams Hersey

FOR thirty years I have known and loved Frederick A. Bisbee. I read *To-Day* when he was editor; I was a fellow-parishioner when he came to Boston to edit the *Leader;* I was frequently in his office during the years of my editorship of *Onward.* He was one of the esteemed and beloved group of ministers whose example and work led me to abandon a business career for "the high calling." At all times he was my friend and, on rare but blissful occasions, my companion on little fishing excursions on little rivers.

For more than a year past he has been a member of my congregation, the congregation of readers to whom my Sunday sermon goes in newspaper abstract every Monday. It has been my delight and my great privilege to send with it a very personal letter, full of chatter—familiar as letters from a son to his father, and indeed he has been a father to me in a very real sense. Sometimes the message was a swift one hundred words; often it was several hundreds, as the spirit moved or the occasion offered. From him there would come an occasional reply, just the few lines he was able to pen, full of meaning and rich in implication. My last letter was written before I learned that he was gone; but who shall say that he will never know its contents?

How I shall miss him, this friend of all my larger years, this father in the faith. Yet it will not be difficult to think of him apart from the body; for was he not more free from the limitations of the flesh than most of us who, in sounder frames than his, have not had to exercise a will power which made him completely victorious over pain and disease? He had achieved already much of that estate which comes when the corruptible puts on incorruption.

He was a great editor, a forceful preacher, a wise counsellor to whom our Church owes much. I am trying to appreciate the loss which will be ours in common, and later I shall succeed. But now my heart cries out for my friend. I can think of him in no other relationship. Thanks be to God for the assurance that he still lives. Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through One who abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light, through the gospel.

Muncie, Ind.

DR. BISBEE IN PHILADELPHIA

John Clarence Lee

SOMEWHERE towards the beginning of the Arabian Nights Tales —if I mistake not—there is the story of Ibn Mansour, the wag of Damascus, who came and went his merry way, making peace even in the hearts of lovers, a man who bowed his head to say, "I hear and I obey," but to whom the Prince of the Faithful answered, "Speak without fear, O Ibn Mansour, for I hear thee with mine ear and look at thee with mine eye and attend to thee with my mind."

The story parallels Dr. Bisbee's life, whose message and whose handicap were both laid upon him by powers stronger than he; but when in spite of handicap he spoke the message men answered as the Prince of the Faithful.

The possibilities of sadness which life offered him early led him to accept humor as an antidote. Who amongst us does not trace to him some choice bit of fun? Once in Philadelphia a woman asked him how he found so many stories. "It's the old example of the rabbit that climbed the tree," he answered, "because I had to."

Coming to the Church of the Restoration as Dr. Bisbee's successor, I found his influence still powerful.

The people loved him, and in all those nineteen years we cherished his warm friendship together. Because he stood in need of friendship, he gave it largely and generously.

The people told me that Dr. Bisbee had often been compelled to sit while preaching, and that the very unusualness of this method made his words more effective.

Children abound in the vicinity of the Church of the Restoration, and when I was adopted by groups of them it was the passing along of an affection they had previously had for "the lame minister." He was an ideal ex-pastor, brotherly and encouraging, with appreciation for every advance. The different sections of the country hold the various periods of his life in loving memory, but Philadelphia keeps in her heart the shining middle years, when he both preached and began trying his pen for the furthering of his faith.

Gloucester, Mass.

Why People Believe as They Do

George A. Gay

ONE of the most readable books which I have purchased is "The Rise of Modern Religious Beliefs," by Arthur Cushman McGiffert. It was first published in 1915 but has been republished. It is a book that any minister or layman can read with profit because it throws a flood of light upon the controversy now raging between the fundamentalists and the liberals. Its avoidance of technical terms recommends it to large numbers of people who are ignorant concerning the advances of science in its various branches. Its freedom from dogmatism is refreshing, and the clear presentation of the beliefs which have prevailed among Christians at different periods gives the reader a breadth of outlook and a charity in judgment which are much needed by all of us to-day.

A few quotations may whet our appetites, and so lead us either to purchase the book or to secure it from the library.

> "The notion of the universal brotherhood of man grew more and more common, and though it led to practical philanthropy on a large scale only in the nineteenth century, it had wide influence already in the eighteenth in abating cruelty, race hatred, class antagonism, and religious intolerance, and in fostering humanitarian ideals. Everywhere a milder, more humane, and more cosmopolitan spirit was making headway, at any rate among the educated classes."

Chapter 3 on "Natural Science" is of profound interest to every student of the discussion of the relation between Science and Religion. The chapter on "Evolution" is also most helpful. Dr. McGiffert, in describing the conflict which was occasioned by the rise of new ideas of the world due to the discoveries of the scientists, makes this statement:

> "Of course, every change in existing opinion is bound to be received at first with incredulity, but in all these matters the readjustment might have taken place naturally and without harm to anybody, had it not been for the notion that the Bible is an infallible authority upon all subjects taken together with the fact that like most ancient documents it represents a world-view which the new scientific discoveries were showing erroneous at one point after another."
>
> "It is true that the theory of evolution has been widely regarded as atheistical in its tendency and as involving the complete banishment of God from the world. And it is doubtless a fact that upon many it has had just this effect. *But that is because such persons are in the grip of the idea of God as a transcendent being, the only evidence for whose existence are unusual and so-called miraculous events.* The idea of evolution, of course, undermines that idea of God. But evolution is atheistic in its tendency only in so far as it is supposed that God must act in such ways or not at all. As a matter of fact, while it has had the effect of breaking down the old conception of transcendence, it has widely resulted in the substitution of divine immanence, and hence has done as much to promote as to weaken faith in God."

Such statements indicate to us why Mr. Bryan, for instance, believes as he does. Other statements give us the origin of liberal beliefs. It will surprise the reader to discover the evolution of the ideas which he himself holds (and it will probably make him humble, too, when he reflects that these ideas which he considers so original and which he thinks he has worked out for himself were all developed slowly through centuries of intellectual struggle).

Another striking and sympathetic statement follows. In describing the revolution which natural science effected, Dr. McGiffert says:

> "We can see now that Christians brought the conflict upon themselves. But it was none the less dreadful, and no one who has followed it carefully can regard it lightly or contemptuously. It is commonly spoken of as a conflict between religion and science. As a matter of fact it was rather a conflict between two diverse sciences, the one unfortunately supported by the Church and thus given a factitious basis which it never should have had. It was this that led to the unhappy impression, still widely prevalent even now when the old conflict is largely a thing of the past, that Christianity and science are by their very nature opposed to one another, an impression that has undermined all respect for religion in many quarters. *Had the Church in the beginning frankly recognized that the Bible and the fathers teach an antiquated world-view, and frankly put itself on the side of scientific observation and experiment, the whole religious situation, both Catholic and Protestant, would be to-day far other than it is.*"

If any person would understand sympathetically the theological situation in the South (and also in many parts of the North and the West) he should take into consideration that the great masses of people, especially in the South where they go to church, hold tenaciously to the views which Dr. McGiffert describes as being responsible for the conflict between religion and science. The majority of the people in the churches in the South accept the doctrine of the infallibility of the Bible upon all subjects, and this attitude retards rapid progress in religious thinking.

The missionary task of the liberal churches (of all denominations) is to proclaim the new ideas which we believe are far superior to the old and which we expect to produce religious results of far more importance to man's life than those which they supplant.

To enter sympathetically into an appreciation of this situation, let me again suggest that both ministers and laymen read this book.

* * *

HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

The two issues of the paper, of date Nov. 3 and 10, report a Convention which seems to have been the most notable in the history of the denomination. The report surely shows that the Church is headed in the right direction toward the broader fields which its very genius makes fitting for it. Dr. Lowe's challenging statement in an "overture of good will and fraternity of spirit to those of all denominations and no denomination who hold and cherish a like faith and purpose with us" must have been made with the consciousness that the body of his brethren in the minis-

try was with him in it, for his thought was certainly reinforced by the thinking of others for years back of him.

The timely utterance of Dr. Perkins, printed on the title page of the *Leader* of Nov. 3, reminded me of a discourse, given nearly forty years ago by a humble minister of the Church, which bears the title "The Essential Idea of Our Christian Faith," considering the subject in relation to evil which salvation is from, and to time and eternity as holding opportunities for the work of a Divine and Christian love toward men, and concluding with these words:

"Our Church is not, and in the nature of its teachings can not be, concerned with the question of time, and will not await the coming of what its own faith goes not forth to meet. We are sure that all the time necessary to a perfect and finished work shall be claimed by the loving God of all. But we do not conceive of years, or centuries, or eons of eternity, as real elements or factors. Love is the element, and the instrumentalities charged with its purpose are the factors. When the work shall be done depends upon the activity of the agencies and the co-ordination of all souls.

"Our prayer rises more earnestly, week after week, and year after year, that our contribution of life and effort and influence toward world betterment may be larger and larger. We would not only have a doctrine; we would have a faith, a love, a life, from which doctrine draws vitality; and in good will to men in which we shall live and labor we would also bear the tidings that the omnipotent Spirit shall ultimately, through adequate means, 'make good infinite by making all in Him.'"

Through a ministry of more than forty years he has steadfastly taught in harmony with the fundamentals of that discourse, up to his last little book, "Notes in the Symphony of Religion," and introductory to what is likely the last pastoral charge he may accept with the sufferance of the denomination he said:

"Some of you, if not all, know that I have come here as an independent minister. There is no need now of rehearsing the reasons for voluntarily withdrawing from the denomination with which I had worked for many years, and with the living and growing purposes of which I am to-day in full accord. I am not averse to denominations. I had long believed, not only in a denomination, but in denominations. I have believed that the different churches form centers around which, or in which, people of different beliefs might gather with a measure of unity and united endeavor for human betterment. But my belief is now yet larger, in an attitude which is not antidenominational, nor exactly undenominational, but more pandenominational. That is, I think most of a church of the people and for the people, a veritable community church, in perfect consistency with the cardinal doctrines of the denomination in which I have served and with which this parish is in fellowship; a church in which every one of a community should be interested, if not enlisted, and which should have a ministry to no separate poeple, but to all, as any one of all may want to avail himself or herself of the privilege of that ministry, or may want to make a living part of the church, with a unifying influence throughout the community and with no divisive word or deed.

"And I know, as I have intimated, that all this consists perfectly with the fundamental teachings of the denomination which is here represented, or of which some of you are a part. The most, I believe, are so thinking to-day. We have come to the time when we want earnestly and broadly to practise what we have been preaching—the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. We have long held it as a dogma; we would now live it as a faith and as a reality, or would make it a conscious and manifest reality by living it. . . .

"Where there are other churches, as here, we will maintain our place with them, saying nothing and doing nothing unfriendly or antagonistic, but ministering and working in such a broadly inclusive way that any man or woman, youth or maiden, in the town, and a member of any organization whatsoever, even of any other church, should feel at one with us within these walls and realize a togetherness with fellow citizens and friends. We should be advisedly bound by mutual consideration in a community where all ought to be trying to serve the interests of the whole, each for all and all for each, with none neglected, or slighted, or mistreated, or unloved. And any of us may only worship God the Father in an at-oneness with man the brother, or with others as fellow beings."

Yours for the broad Christian work,

Charles C. Conner.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Christmas Conspiracy

NOW this I have to report, that for certain days and weeks there have been places in mine own Home where I am not admitted, and that there go on whisperings behind my back which I am not permitted to hear. And the daughter of Keturah cometh to the house, and she and Keturah slip aside and converse in Low Tones. And I listen not in upon them.

And now and again they say unto me, Father, what shall we buy thee for Christmas? For thou art an hard man to buy things for.

And indeed, it is hard to buy Christmas gifts for a man who hath no Bad Habits. For I require no Smoking Sets nor Boxes of Cigars nor such like things.

But this disturbeth me not, for I am well assured that when Christmas cometh, I shall discover that Keturah hath not forgotten me, and the daughter of Keturah and her husband will have remembered me, and my four sons will have thought of me. Yea, and it may be that friends whom I have never seen will send me a Box of Cocoanut Candy or a Plum Pudding or something else that is good to eat. For this hath happened, and it hath not yet offended me; and I see no reason to anticipate that it would offend me if it occurred again.

But I am thinking about this Whispering and Conspiring that goeth on, and how it happeneth all over the land and over the world at this season. And I am thinking how it is that the goods that are sold

in the Shops are sold unto those who desire them that they may give them away. And it seemeth to me a Remarkable thing that just now the Merchants are assuming that every man will be thinking what he can buy for Some one Else, and every Woman will be spending more than she can afford and doing it for Others.

And it may be that the thing is overdone, but if there be anything that we can afford to have overdone once a year, it is thoughtfulness for others. And even so we shall not do so much of this as God hath done aforetime and still doeth.

And I think how marvelous it is that ever since the Wise Men opened their treasures to give unto the Christ Child gold and Frankincense and Myrrh, men have had an Epidemick of Altruism when they have remembered God's great Gift to men.

There is no good thing that may not be overdone, and I like not to see even a good thing done to excess. But taking it by and large there is no excess of loving other people, and I am glad that on one day in the year, and on certain days preceding, men and women and little children are taught to think of others, for the love of the good God whose thought of others sent into this human world its One Best Christmas Gift.

* * *

DEATH OF DR. E. L. REXFORD

Charles A. Alden

Dr. E. L. Rexford, pastor of All Souls Unitarian Church, Columbus, Ohio, and for many years active in the ministerial fellowship of the Universalist denomination, passed suddenly from our earthly circles on Friday, Nov. 30, 1923. He had been making a short visit at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Shilliday, West Mansfield, Ohio, and was just preparing to return to his own home in Columbus, when the Father called him hence. He had been so seriously broken by nervous collapse that he had been unable to occupy his own pulpit since the early part of 1922, though on occasions his people gathered in his home where he talked to them, and a few months ago he preached in the Eastwood Congregational Church, near his home, from which church, after a beautiful service of tribute, his body was carried to Greenlawn Cemetery for interment. The service was in charge of the Rev. Sidney Sweet, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, assisted by the pastor of the Congregational Church, the Rev. J. F. Meyer (Unitarian), pastor of the Independent Protestant Church, and Senator George D. Jones, representing the bereaved congregation. The *Ohio State Journal* published an extended tribute, of which the following is a part:

> Rev. Dr. Everett L. Rexford, one of Columbus' best known ministers, had been preaching the gospel for more than half a century. He first came to this city in 1869, at which time he was connected with the Universalist denomination. For twelve years he served as pastor of the First Universalist Church, as he has for the past eighteen years served All Souls (Unitarian) Church. Beside the pastorates here he has served churches in Detroit, Boston, Cincinnati, and San Francisco. . . . He was born in Blockville, N. Y., April 24, 1844, and completed his theological training at St. Lawrence University. He was for two years president of Buchtel, at Akron, Ohio. Crippled in an accident at the age of twelve, Dr. Rexford turned his energy to mental rather than physical activity and found an outlet through his pen, his pulpit, and the lecture platform. He was active in welfare work in Columbus for many years and was frequently called to preach and lecture in the down-town auditoriums.

The Columbus papers all carried lengthy reports of his service to the city and the surrounding territory which has continued, all together, more than thirty years of his active ministerial work. He had a commanding figure in spite of his evidently crippled physical condition. He possessed a thrilling voice, well-trained and efficiently used, to transmit a message of mental and spiritual power. Tribute was paid in a number of Columbus pulpits on the Sunday following his death. One Congregational pastor placed him side by side with the late Dr. Washington Gladden, confessing the inspiration of both for his own ministry. The Rev. I. V. Lobdell, our Ohio Superintendent, and I, as pastor of the Columbus Universalist Church of the Golden Rule (formerly the First Church), which remembered the former pastorate of Dr. Rexford with a floral memorial, humbly paid our respects in attending the funeral service. We agree that in all our many calls through the central part of Ohio, we have heard Dr. Rexford's name spoken more often, and more frequent inquiries about him, than of any other minister in all the past years of of our own service.

A mighty voice for the liberal interpretation of the Christian gospel has been stilled. He preached it fearlessly in years when it was exceedingly unpopular to do so. Thousands have heard it from his lips, who came merely for the joy of listening to his magnetic eloquence. The Recording Angel alone knows how many of these have been blessed with a broader vision of the Christ and his saving truth, some of them doubtless in complete unconsciousness of what, through this great preacher, the Spirit of the Father has wrought within themselves. We are all poorer for his going, but far richer for his having lived and worked here.

* * *

THREE REPORTS IN ONE

To the General Convention of the Universalist Church:

By permission of the President I shall combine three reports—that of the Murray Lectureship, the Commission on Public Welfare and the Publication Committee—into one.

The John Murray Lectureship is now four years old. It was born soon after the Baltimore Convention. The infant has not altogether fulfilled the fond dreams of its progenitors, but it is still alive, vigorous and promising. The idea of the Lectureship in the minds of its originators was that our Church should have something corresponding to the lectureship in the Christian Science Church, or to the evangelistic campaign since carried on by the Unitarian Laymen's League under the leadership of Dr. Sullivan.

Two obstacles have stood in the way, which have so far proved insurmountable. Each of the organizations just mentioned spends more on its lectureship program alone than the General Convention or the Universalist Church spends on its entire missionary program. It is easy to see how, with sufficient means at our disposal, the Murray Lectureship might have accomplished much more than it has. As it is we have tried to keep expenses at a minimum, perhaps not wisely, but at any rate we have succeeded in doing a good deal with small outlay.

The other obstacle which has stood in the way, in addition to limited funds, is limited manhood. It is obvious to any intelligent observer that we have not at our command enough clergymen of first rate ability to man the machinery of our Church already in operation. The greatest need of our denominnation is not a Murray Lecturer, important as that may be, but men who can take the pastorates of separate churches and make these churches steadily larger, stronger and more efficient. Such men are so scarce that many of our churches instead of growing stronger are steadily growing weaker. In my opinion we have reached a point where we should hesitate to draft another strong and successful man from his preaching or his teaching and set him at any other business whatever. In order to have a strong denomination we must have strong churches. Any other idea is nonsense. I am convinced that the time has arrived when we should face the truth that the great need of our fellowship is

not so much more machinery, more organizations, more officers, more lecturers, more commissions, more committees or more programs, but more pastors and preachers who are capable and determined to do their work well, each in his own community. The Murray Lectureship has so far contented itself with temporarily drafting able men from their regular work and sending such on preaching missions to points indicated by the General Superintendent or State Superintendents. In this way during the life of the Lectureship more than 500 sermons, addresses and lectures have been delivered in all sections of the Union, and the lecturers have traveled more than the distance around the world. All this has been done at small expense. Each address has averaged to cost about $10. No one has been paid for his services. The lecturers have given their time and energy to the cause in the spirit of John Murray, and the Convention has paid their actual expenses and nothing more. I take pleasure in expressing my gratitude, and I trust that of this Convention, to all those who have given time and energy to this work. The plan is to organize a team, consisting preferably of four persons, the State or District Superintendent in charge, an evangelist, a lay preacher and a song leader. The campaign is organized and advertised in advance by the State Superintendent and the team under his direction does the work.

In this way we have covered, since the last General Convention, the states of Vermont and New Hampshire, made several brief excursions into Maine and Connecticut, covered the state of New York twice, sent a team through the South under the direction of Superintendent Bishop, have sent men as far west as Texas, and have just now closed a campaign through the state of Pennsylvania.

As a result I am confident that the people of our fellowship have been brought into closer touch with the spirit and work of the General Convention, have been encouraged and heartened for their task and made to feel that they were a part of a warm and sympathetic organization, whose officers desire to serve them and do their bidding, not merely to get something from them to feed the machine.

But I am not satisfied with what has been done and I am not clear as to what should be done next.

As I have been about among our churches I have been impressed and oppressed with the woeful sag of indifference into which, too often, both pastor and people have fallen. This is not universal but it is wide-spread. We have splendid churches doing notable work, but they are the exception. As a whole our churches need arousing, revivifying. We need a real and wide-spread revival. The Murray Lectureship, as it has been so far carried on, is not sufficient for the task. To do the work as it ought to be done some man should give his undivided time and energy to it. Aside from him there should be a publicity agent who should move in advance of the team, arrange, advertise, arouse interest, exactly as they do for a coming Chautauqua, or the arrival of Billy Sunday. All this involves large expense, salaries for at least two efficient men, an office, a stenographer, printer's bills, much outgo for traveling.

This leads me to the second part of my report, which has to do with the Commission on Public Welfare. At the Detroit Convention we adopted an admirable social service program. This program was accepted with enthusiasm and the various churches were pledged to carry it out. It seemed to me then, and seems to me as I reread it, one of the sanest and most practical programs to promote public welfare that I have ever seen. We read that: "The measure of the strength of a church is its service to its own community. We therefore call upon our churches everywhere to study the needs of the communities in the midst of which they are located and to prove their worth by ministering to these needs."

What needs? What shall the church do? The program is specific: "Promote Community Forums; Community Centers; Community Health Centers; Community Surveys and Exhibits." Men's Clubs are urged to study and discuss: "The Co-operative Movement, the Golden Rule in Industry, race problems, unemployment and poverty, democratic management in shops, local municipal government, recreation, housing," and so on.

Well, your Public Service Commission immediately organized to respond to the many calls which must inevitably come for our help. The Board of Trustees of the Convention voted to furnish to churches gratuitously upon request specialists on any or all of the above subjects who would speak at church meetings, men's clubs, forums, and tell the people what to do and how to do it. But the requests have been few and far between. Professor Skinner and I have spoken an indefinite number of times upon subjects pertaining to the social program, but as far as I know we are the only two members of the staff whose services have been called upon. In other words, having adopted with enthusiasm a social program we have taken it for granted that said program would enact itself, which is of course an altogether foolish supposition. This is not to say that our churches are indifferent to public welfare. On the contrary most of our churches are earnestly engaged in some kind of social service. But this does prove emphatically to my mind that our Public Welfare Commission can be made more worth while only by having a paid executive who shall give his time and energy to this business.

As to the Publication Committee, such matter as the Publishing House has put out has been passed upon by us. The House has printed several new tracts, has others on the way, and Dr. van Schaick's new book has passed without being censored. But we need more new literature. There is a demand for such from all parts of the country. The Committee should be bombarded with material for the making of such literature. But indeed we find it extremely difficult to get the right kind of material for our purpose. Your Publication Committee can not publish unless it has material fit to print. And that material must be supplied by our ablest thinkers and writers.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. If the Murray Lectureship is to carry on in a satisfactory manner it should have a manager who can give most of his time to it. Publicity should be sought and arranged, advertising should be systematic and widely circulated, and the superintendents, ministers and people of our churches should co-operate in every possible manner to make the lectures a success.

The same man who manages the Murray Lectureship might also be the executive head of the Public Welfare Commission. We have some men who have proved their ability in that direction. Such a man could do for other churches, by way of inspiration and instruction, what he has done for his own church by personal effort. He can not, of course, be everywhere and should not be expected to supplant in this or any field the pastor of any church, but simply to advise, direct and encourage.

The same man might act as the head of the Publication Department and secure from various contributors—if he can—such material as he may find necessary in his other two capacities.

Such a man must be a successful pastor, a powerful personality, and an able preacher. No less a person can possibly do the work I have indicated with satisfaction to any one. To secure the right man will necessitate large expense and, what is worse, some strong church without a minister and very likely with no strong minister in sight to take his place.

I joyfully refer all these problems to this Convention for your consideration. They are too hard for me to solve. I rejoice that the Board of Trustees recommends to this body "the enlargement of the Social Service Department, with a Director to aid our churches in rendering greater service to their respective communities." In order not to hamper in any way the appointment of such Director I here gladly lay down the triple office which I have been holding, the responsibilities of which I hope the new Director will assume. There are other tasks to which I plan to give myself. I hope you will believe that I am deeply grateful for the confidence that has been reposed in me, and that I shall, of course, as for the past forty years, be always ready to co-operate with my official superiors for the good of the order.

Respectfully submitted,

Frank Oliver Hall.

Home and Children

CHILD'S CHRISTMAS

Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day—
The wondered, breathless waking through fir-sweet morning gray;

White tropic forests on the pane against the dawn-streaked skies,
The awe of faith unhesitant in lifted childish eyes;

The spluttered, spicy, teasing joy of kitchen-fragrance sweet,
The sting of frost upon his face, the snow-creak 'neath his feet;

The swish of runners, song of bells, the laughing-echoed call
From drifted hilltops, sparkling white; the blue sky folding all;

The holly-berried table top, the feasting and the fun,
With Christmas ribbons strewing all until the day is done;

The hush of candle-lighting time, the hearth-flame flickered red,
The warm soft clasp of clinging hands up shadowed stairs to bed;

The crib-side talk that slacks and stills on stumbled drowsy note,
The love that stings behind your eyes, and catches in your throat;

The hope, the fears, the tenderness, the Mary-prayer you pray—
Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day.

Martha Haskell Clark.

* * *

A DOUBLE SANTA CHRISTMAS

Daisy D. Stephenson

CONNIE was keeping house, with one eye on lively Rosy Posy, while mother attended the Parent-Teachers' Meeting. Bobolink—Robert Lincoln, by rights—was out shoveling paths, hindered by the funny puppy. Skeezics had never seen snow before in his little life, and he was trying to drown himself in the drifts, and had to be rescued every two minutes. He would blink, sneeze, take a bite of snow, and dash into another drift—not much help in path-shoveling. Little Rosy pounded on the pane and gurgled over the antics of the pair. Suddenly she gave a crow of surprise.

"A man, Connie!" she squealed. "He gived Bobo something out of a wagon. Let's wun!" Connie left her potato-peeling without apology. The door burst open, admitting a boy, a puppy, and a gust of raw air. The puppy managed to get stepped on, let out a howl, and was comforted by little Rosy. The boy carried something long and mysterious, and wrapped securely in gunny-sacking.

"What is it?" asked Connie, curiously. "It looks as if it might be a mummy."

"Feel," grinned Bobolink, "then one guess will do."

"I know!" cried Connie, delightedly, after one good feel. But Rosy could not imagine, even though she squeezed it. A few snips with the scissors ended all mystery.

"A twee! A Cwismus twee!" sang Rosy.

"From the Cranes in the canyon," beamed Bobolink, scanning the tag wired near the top of the handsome young spruce. "Branches look squashed now, but I'll set it up and they'll spread out in fine shape."

"Doesn't it smell sweet?" Connie wrinkled her nose and sniffed. "I do believe it's the very one that grew on the hill above the creek where we waded with Agnes and Jimmy Crane. Remember they told us to choose our Christmas tree? I thought they were teasing. And here it is, the beauty!"

"Glad we went up Cub Creek and rented a Crane cabin," declared Bobolink. "I'll go below and rig up the old standard. Won't mother be surprised?"

"Goody, goody! I can't wait!" Rosy crooned to the puppy, and danced with him about the sturdy spruce. "Gramma's coming, and Grampa; Aunt Marian and Uncle John and the cousins! And we'll twim the twee and hang up our stockings, Skeezics." Whirling about, she inquired anxiously. "Do doggies hang 'em up, Connie?"

"This doggie shall," Connie assured her, "Santa shan't slight the Posy puppy."

"What's he going to ask for?" laughed Bobolink. "Dog biscuit or a recipe for chasing cats?"

"No, sir!" Rosy was indignant. "He told me he wants a collar and a little kennel. Oh, there's Daddy! He beat Mother home."

Daddy came in, hat powdered like Christmas-cake frosting, pockets delightfully knobby and bulgy with Things. "Secrets, Daddy?" whispered Rosy, as he swing her shoulder-high. He nodded solemnly.

"Put them in the Treasure Chest, Connie." Connie thrilled as she received bundles of all shapes and sizes that went into the old chest in the spare room at holiday-time. It was to be a wonderful family reunion. Aunt Marian and Cousin Dick were coming from Texas. Uncle John and his folks hoped to get away from their hill ranch and come on the train with the Posy grandparents.

"Everybody but Uncle Robin," Connie said soberly to herself as she patted the bundles gently. "If only he would come home! Why, Rosy wouldn't even know him, he's been away so long. Three whole Christmases since he played blind-man's buff with us and told stories. Oh, dear!" she sighed as she closed the chest, unwillingly. "Why did the very nicest uncle have to quarrel with Grampa and go away?"

Every night for weeks Connie had made a wish about Uncle Robin on the first star. "Star light, star bright, first star I've seen to-night." But she felt discouraged as day followed day and no word came.

"I guess Uncle Robin's package will come to-day," Bobolink remarked carelessly when the poky calendar announced the reddest-letter day only three revolutions of the earth distant. "Funny, when he's always been way early. Last year it came from Argentina, and year before from —Go-on-a." He eyed Connie, that geography marvel, with some doubt.

"Guiana," corrected Connie, promptly. "Think of the stories he could tell us now. Mining engineers have scarey times, I guess. Poor Gramma!" she sighed. "She misses him more than we do, and that's heaps. And it wasn't truly Uncle Robin's fault. Grandpa is so peppery, though he is a dear."

"My, didn't Daddy and the rest have fun when they were kids at Gramp's," Bobolink said enviously as he hammered away, repairing an invalid sled, "playing Robin Hood and his Merry Men!"

Connie smiled over the secrets she was wrapping while Rosy napped. "And their names just fit," she

chimed in. "Robin Hood, that was Uncle Robin; Maid Marian was Aunt Marian; and Uncle John, as big as a house, was Little John! And our daddy," she bubbled over, "was Friar Tuck, because he was the fattest."

"Ting-a-ling" went the door-bell, and as if it had touched a spring in their heels, up they scampered, for fear of missing something. Mother was signing something, and as she closed the door and inspected the special-delivery letter, her brow puckered. "From Gramma," she said in surprise.

"But she's coming to-night!" reminded Bobo, with a gasp.

"Oh, dear!" guessed Connie. "Something's happened."

Mother scanned the letter hastily. "Nothing serious, but very disappointing," she announced. "Grampa has had a bad cold, and the doctor won't hear to his taking the trip."

"But how can it be Cwismus 'thout Gramma?" came a little wail from the doorway, and Rosy, fresh and pink as a pocketful of posies, made a dive and buried her gold mop in mother's blue apron.

Connie knew the look in mother's eyes as she looked far away into plan-land. She was perfect in manufacturing plans for people in time of need. "We'll manage somehow," she said slowly.

"But Aunt Marian's nearly here, and maybe Uncle John's folks!" cried Connie, unhappily. "The tree's up and the turkeys are bought. Oh, mother, you just can't postpone Christmas, can you?"

Rosy Posy wept dismally, and the puppy, scenting distress in the air, whined and nuzzled Connie's hand. "Dear me! Are those rolls burning?" Mother flew for the kitchen, Rosy under one arm. "Here's some nice dough waiting for a certain little girl who makes beautiful cooky dolls. And the rolls didn't burn—they're exactly right. You answer the telephone, Connie."

Connie said "Hello," listened a second, then turned into a human exclamation-point. "O Aunt Marian!" Instantly Mother dropped a pan of rolls and Bobolink began doing cart-wheels through the house. Only Rosy was intent on the business in hand. Sure enough, Aunt Marian had arrived hours earlier than expected, but she and Dick knew the way out on the car. Connie danced about, putting extra places at the table, while Bobolink sprinted to the grocery, accompanied by a frolicsome Skeesics. On the way he met Daddy with the biggest surprise of all, and if you'll believe it, he was so excited he rushed in and asked the grocer for some "bake and stutter quick!" The grocer couldn't be blamed for failing to recognize ordinary steak and butter, now could he?

It is a wonder there ever was any supper at the Posy house, what with Aunt Marian and Dick reaching the gate just as a big, shiny, new car swept grandly to the curb. "But I only brought it home before Christmas for the fun of piling all hands in and meeting you at the train. And you've gone and spoiled it!" groaned Daddy Posy, by way of greeting his sister.

Nobody else felt bad about the first apperance of Daddy's gift to the family, and nothing would do but everybody, including the dog, must bundle up and ride downtown to see the store windows after supper.

"If the weather stays so mild, and there's no more snow," remarked the proud driver, squinting at the stars on the drive home, "I shouldn't be surprised if we'd up and surprise the old folks. It isn't a hard trip, and"— Under the avalanche of questions and exclamations it was a surprise to Daddy that he got them home safely. "Going to 'phone John first thing to-morrow," he decided before retiring. "Quick work may bring results yet."

It did. Fifty miles away, Gramma Posy awoke that sunny Christmas morning and wished she had overslept till the next day. She coaxed Grampa to stay abed till the house was cozy, as he was shaky, and still had a troublesome cough. Grampa's first remark showed how Christmassy he was feeling.

"Huh! Might as well be April Fool Day," he sniffed. "Reckon the children got word too late even to send my annual slippers and necktie. If they'd just ship Rosy to us"— His eye wandered to the dresser where Gramma always kept framed photos of her "two babies"—Rosy and Uncle Robin. A groan escaped Grampa and he burrowed under the covers like a naughty boy "seein' things at night."

"I fixed a hen and your favorite plum-pudding, Henry," Gramma said about mid-morning, trying to sound real cheerful. "Want dinner at noon, or shall we ask in some neighbors this evening?"

"Feels more like a funeral than a holiday," grumbled Grampa, resenting the doctor's orders. A big husky like him cooped up like a sick chicken! He was staring gloomily out at the bare lilac bushes at the front gate, when suddenly he leaned forward, his spectacles sliding half off his nose as he let out a whoop. "Mother! If it isn't the whole kit and boodle of 'em!"

Out he dashed, Gramma after him with her plaid shawl—the first thing she could lay hands on. Imagine what a happy hubbub there was! Uncle John, with Aunt Lucy and the twin girls, came on the heels of the city party. Grampa forgot to cough, and Gramma was hugging everybody the second time, and exclaiming how Connie had grown and how much Rosy looked like her great-grandmother.

Gramma's modest hen had no chance, what with the lordly turkeys and delicious tarts and cakes that came out of the big baskets of the visitors. The grown-ups suggested that the gifts wait till after dinner, and Rosy Posy considered this gravely. "We gived our pretty twee to some boys and girls that didn't have one," she confided sweetly. Then with an anxious pucker, "Will Santa wait till we eat dinner?" She longed to greet the jolly white-whiskered saint in red and white suit, and, being so little, she did not connect him with Uncle John, who disappeared atticward after dinner.

Full of good-humor and dinner, everybody gathered about the crackling log fire to await Santa's arrival. The front door flew open, and Rosy squealed with delight. There stood Santa with his pack, exactly like his pictures. Gramma blinked, wondering how on earth John had managed to get down so quietly. There was a heavy step on the stairs, and a thrill ran around the wide-eyed circle as Santa Number

Two faced Santa Number One with a bewildered "Well, what's this?"

A tense brief silence. Then came a hearty, familiar chuckle, and "What ho! my Merry Men!" And everybody made a center rush for Santa Number One—everybody but Grampa. Gramma was crying for joy in Santa's arms, so he shed his extra face and beamed on them all, hugging all the kiddies at once. Grampa was looking pale and queer. Suddenly Santa Number One eyed him straight. "Well, Dad?" Nobody breathed.

"Peace on earth, good-will to man," chimed the church bells sweetly. Grampa's stubborn chin quivered, and with streaming eyes he held out his arms to his prodigal.

Any Posy would have told you that there never was such a Christmas in the whole family history. The littlest member was rather mixed up over two Santas and Uncle Robin, but the baby doll from the fat pack put all further puzzling out of her curly head.

"This new sled is a crackerjack," crowed Bobolink, as he and Connie bundled up and headed for the hill. "Some Christmas, Connie!"

"My wish did come true!" breathed Connie, happily. "O Bobo, I'm so chockful of surprises and turkey, I'm afraid to walk. I guess you'll have to pull me on the sled!"

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* * *

THE DREAMING FIRS

The firs at Christmas-tide
Are dreaming, dreaming.
Over the forest far and wide
The northern lights are streaming.
From frozen hilltops bare,
From ice-bound lake and river,
Into the still night air
They flash and dart and quiver,
Flaming on high
From earth to starry sky.

Dream, little fir-trees, dream,
As swiftly to and fro
The strange lights glance and gleam
On the moonlit snow.
Dream of the shining stars above;
Dream of beauty and joy and love;
Dream of Christmas peace on earth,
Of Bethlehem and the Holy Birth.
Dream, little firs, in the forest deep;
Under the soft snow sleep, sleep!

Willis Boyd Allen, in Christian Endeavor World.

* * *

TEN FACTS

1. The Constitution of the United States provides specifically the way in which amendments may be made:

(*a*) Proposed by the national Senate by a two-thirds vote.

(*b*) Proposed by the national House of Representatives by a two-thirds vote.

(*c*) Ratified by both the Senate and the House of three-fourths of the states.

The eighteenth—the prohibition amendment—was adopted in exactly the way the seventeen preceding amendments were adopted. *There could be no referendum to the voters.*

2. The United States Senate, Aug. 1, 1917, proposed the prohibition amendment, the vote being 65 to 20.

3. The United States House of Representatives, on Dec. 17, 1917, proposed the prohibition amendment, 282 to 128.

4. The Congress which proposed this was elected, with the amendment as the dominant issue, November, 1916, five months before the United States entered the World War.

5. From Jan. 8, 1918, to Jan. 16, 1919, thirty-six states (the necessary three-fourths—prohibition effective one year thereafter) ratified the amendment with a combined vote of 4,086 to 829.

6. Since ratification by the necessary thirty-six states, ten more states have ratified, with a combined vote of 1,016 to 416.

7. The only states that have not ratified are Rhode Island and Connecticut.

8. The movement that resulted in the Eighteenth Amendment began in 1851, when the first state adopted prohibition—seventy-two years ago.

9. *When the United States entered the World War, twenty-six states had voted "dry," and more than eighty-five per cent of our area, inhabited by more than sixty million people, was "dry" territory.*

10. No other amendment of the Federal Constitution was ever discussed so widely and continuously through so long a stretch of years, or opposed by such organized well-financed forces throughout every state, and *no other amendment was ever adopted so overwhelmingly.*

And here is a most illuminating illustration of *the real views of the men and women voters* (not newspaper propaganda of the liquor forces)—the successive popular referenda in Ohio, that great central state, the pivotal state in questions of national policy:

1914, "wet" by 84,152.	1918, "dry" by 25,759.
1915, "wet" by 55,408.	1919, "dry" by 41,853.
1917, "wet" by 1,307.	1922, "dry" by 189,472.

Christian Endeavor World.

* * *

WHAT TIME IS IT?

What time is it? Do you the question ask?
To answer it were quite an easy task,
Nor toward the clock my eyes I need to turn,
Nor at my watch the hour time to learn.
Within my brain, from which comes forth this rhyme,
My eyes I turn, and I can tell the time.

'Tis time for you, as it is time for me,
Whate'er your name, whate'er your country be,
If you are great and rich, or old and poor,
If you are weak, or can great toil endure,
If you are single, or possess a wife—
'Tis time to start and live a better life.

Thomas F. Porter, in Boston Globe.

* * *

DIFFICULT DIAGNOSIS

The young mother was frantic. Her two-year-old daughter howled and howled and howled.

"Whatever is the matter with the child?" asked the father in despair.

His wife sank limply into a chair and began to weep, while the baby went on howling.

"I d-d-d-on't know!" sobbed the distracted mother. "It's either because she's eaten too many strawberries, or she wants more!"—*Hygeia.*

* * *

On a certain evening in a public house in Virginia, four young lawyers were discussing the merits of the Christian religion. The discussion continued with unabated vigor from five o'clock until eleven. Meanwhile an unpretentious old gentleman sat listening. Hour after hour he sat in silence. Finally one of the young lawyers jestingly asked the old man to tell what he knew. A most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was the result. Then every one wished to know who the unknown could be—a preacher, they concluded. But no, he was John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.—*Christian Register.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Dec. 23. Morning, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; evening, Arlington, Mass.

Dec. 27-29. Mid-Year Board Meeting, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dec. 31. All New England Get-Together, Portland, Maine.

* *

FRANK BEFORE VICKSBURG

Ever since I was a boy of ten and read and reread "The Gunboat Series" by Harry Castlemon (C. A. Fosdick), I have wanted to visit Vicksburg, Miss., "the Gibraltar of the Confederacy," as it was known in Civil War days. Now I want to visit it again. The schedule of my last trip to Texas made it possible to spend a day there, if I cared to sit up all night to do it. It was well worth the price.

Frank Nelson, in the story, was a young lad from northern Maine who enlisted in the navy, was assigned to the Mississippi Squadron, and as a lieutenant commanded one of the naval batteries, transferred to land, which participated in the siege of Vicksburg. Now I have visited the spot where his battery was located, and where on July 4, 1863, he sat on his big gun and waved his cap in friendly greeting to those whom he had been fighting only the day before.

The National Cemetery

Just at the northern edge of the city, and overlooking the river, is the second largest of the National Cemeteries. (The largest is at Arlington, Va.) Here are buried 16,727 Union soldiers who lost their lives in and around Vicksburg, and of these 12,723 are unknown. There is row after row of plain, square stones, each bearing a number, and that is all. But their names live in the hearts of loved ones; they are not unknown; they presented their bodies a living sacrifice, but their souls go marching on.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

The National Military Park

Extending in a rough semi-circle around the city is the Military Park, which was created by the Federal Government, and which includes practically all of the fighting ground of the siege. It was here, above the city, that the sailors played their first part in the land operations of the siege, and here that "Frank Nelson" commanded his battery.

There are two roughly parallel avenues, bearing the names Union and Confederate, and many side roads and connecting drives. The two principal avenues follow roughly the lines of the opposing trenches, for it was during the siege of Vicksburg, I believe, that modern trench warfare began. The trenches can still be seen in many places, and the Federal and State Governments have placed markers that plainly indicate the progress of the struggle. For most of the distance the trench lines follow parallel ridges, and "No Man's Land" was a deep gulley, which made assault difficult. Indeed, none of the assaults were successful. On one marker after another we read of an advance close to the Confederate works which was held for a few hours, and then the Union troops were ordered back. Only when the city had been completely surrounded, cutting off all supplies, could the people and their defenders be starved into surrender.

It was a conquest of human bodies, not of human souls. Brother fought against brother and both fought well. As some one has phrased it, speaking for the Confederacy, "We were not defeated; we were overpowered."

Let Brotherly Love Continue

Side by side the states of the South and the states of the North have erected their memorials, and in them all is reflected not the bitterness of civil strife, but the respect for worthy foemen and the joy of a reunited country. Illinois has erected the most impressive of these state memorials —a marble rotunda with classic portico. The interior is lined with bronze tablets bearing the names of more than 35,000 Illinois soldiers and sailors who fought here, and, directly opposite the entrance, the closing words of the state song:

"Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois.
On the record of thy years
Abr'am Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan—and our tears,
Illinois."

Missouri men fought in almost equal numbers on each side, and the Missouri monument commemorates the fact in fitting terms. This inscription and that on the Pennsylvania memorial are typical of the spirit of "malice toward none, with charity for all," in which the Park is maintained. The latter reads:

"Here brothers fought for their principles. Here heroes died for their country. And a united people will forever cherish the precious legacy of their noble manhood."

Along the River

High on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi were located the Confederate batteries which effectually prevented communication up and down the river, and which were the real objective of the siege. Here, among others, one finds the location of the Botetourt Artillery from Virginia, whose exploits are made famous in Mary Johnston's trilogy of Civil War stories, and which, with others, made exceedingly dangerous the occasional attempts to "run the batteries" to carry reinforcements to the troops below.

A little farther down is the Old South Fort, most important of the river batteries. And a little to the east is the monument of one of the most youthful of the commanders, Brigadier General States Rights Gist, C. S. A. And because his father and mother named their boy to be a soldier, and because thousands of others believed as firmly in the political doctrine for which General Gist was named, it was inevitable that there should be a Civil War and a siege of Vicksburg, before this could become "one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.

For the Quiet Hour

The human freedom, with all the risk of using it wrongly, is better than no freedom. The soul can grow under no other conditions. Man must put out to sea, even with the chance of wreckage, for he will never become a sailor by remaining in port.

Jonathan Brierly.

Only the rays of God can cure the heart,
Purge it of evil; there's no other way
Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

In heavenly sunlight live no shades of fear;
The soul there, busy or at rest, hath peace;
And music floweth from the various world.

William Allingham.

The vision of God is indeed the transfiguration of the world; communion with God is the inspiration of life. That vision, that communion, Christ by his coming has made our abiding inheritance. As often as the Christian touches heaven, the heaven that lies about us though our eyes are holden that we should not see it, he is again filled with the powers of the world to come. Then reverence finds its perfect satisfaction; then devotion finds its invincible strength.

Brooke Foss Wescott.

The cause that can not fail wins through suffering. If you want a world of light and no darkness, all calm and no storm, all peace and no strife, all life and joy and no sorrow and death, this is no world for you, and I have not a word to say to you this morning. But if you are willing to take this world as we find it, a vast and mysterious compound of light and darkness, calm and tempest, peace and strife, life and love and joy, death and loss and sorrow, then I call upon you to come and take your place here. Help God to remake the world. Here is your place, here is your cause, and that cause can not fail.

George A. Gordon.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

"ON EARTH, PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN"

Very soon the bells of the Christmastide will ring out their glad tidings heralding anew peace and good will. The curtain for the year 1923 will be drawn, barring from our view whatever has stood for success or failure in the year now grown old; but we will press forward with courage and enthusiasm, counting only those things a failure wherein we have not striven to do our best. We will make the Christmas "merry" and then in the days to follow we will attempt to give in proportion as we have received.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

* *

CLARA BARTON

There is the name of one woman associated with the Universalist Church, which stands out more prominently than many identified with it, one who labored incessantly to alleviate the sufferings of mankind, one who called every man her brother, and one who, ministering at home and abroad, won international fame. Clara Barton was born on Christmas Day in the year 1821, and we recognize her as a wonderful gift to the nation.

Rev. John R. Ewers, writing in the *Christian Century*, states that "one reason why the outreach of the modern Church is what it is, lies in the essential fact that our dynamic is weak." You will be impressed if you read the history of the life of Clara Barton to find what tremendous obstacles she overcame, and how insistent she was for the things which stood for right and for progress. There was no lack of dynamic in her being, and she demonstrated to the world the results of this wonderful power which resided in her.

We have evidence of this same power in the women who were pioneers in the work of the Woman's Centenary Association, and it is a mighty example to us as women to-day to "put on the whole armor" and use the dynamic we possess in making the world better around our own doorstep, and even out into Japan, China and India.

It is said that Clara Barton was greatly grieved to have the home of her birth pass into the hands of strangers. One who knew her says: "If her gentle spirit can sometimes visit the old familiar places, she must be very happy in the knowledge of what the women of her own Church are trying to do in her name."

Let the Christmas joys flood your soul, and awake in you the dormant powers which reside within, to go forth into the New Year with quickened determination, and stronger resolves to learn, to pray, to do, and to give even as did Clara Barton.

Marian W. Lobdell.

CORDELIA ADALINE QUINBY

Ninety years ago in Lewiston, Maine, a dear baby girl came as a precious Christmas gift to her parents, This baby was none other than our beloved "Mother Quinby," as she is affectionately known to-day. From an interesting girlhood spent under the wise training of devoted Universalist parents, she became a teacher in the public schools, then the wife of Rev. George W. Quinby. Through these years of domestic life Mrs. Quinby found time not only to perform her duties as a minister's wife, and a loving mother, but to visit State and National Conventions and to keep in close touch with denominational interests.

Mrs. Quinby was an ardent supporter of the Women's Centenary Association, and after the death of her husband she was prevailed upon to accept the presidency of this organization. The eleven years (1891-1902) of her administration were strenuous years of its existence, but because of the excellent equipment she brought to the work, she with her co-workers was able to bridge this transition period from its pioneer stage to a more stable organization, the Women's National Missionary Association as it exists to-day.

We listened with pleasure to her sound words of wisdom at the Detroit Convention in 1921, and again as she addressed the assembly at the beginning of the morning session at the Biennial Convention at Providence in October. Co-operation has been one of Mrs. Quinby's mighty weapons for forward movement in the Church of her faith, and we were forcibly reminded of this in her closing words at the Providence Convention: "We are a devoted ally of the Universalist General Convention and we stand shoulder to shoulder with them in whatever progressive steps they may take." Long live Mother Quinby and her policies!

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

USE THE INSTALLATION SERVICES

As the New Year approaches many of our schools will be electing new teachers and officers. We especially call to their attention the installation service which is issued by our Association. This service not only gives dignity to the position of teachers and officers, but is at the same time a service of worship in which the entire school may join. It may be used effectively from year to year. Schools desiring to use the installation service, may borrow from our office copies sufficient for their use.

* *

A RADICAL DEPARTURE

Behold another step away from the old Uniform Lessons.

Formerly the International Sunday School Lesson Committee, representing most of the Protestant denominations of America, outlined for each year a course of lessons, which gave the same passages of Scriptures and the same subjects for students of all ages from the kindergarten to the class most aged and advanced. Until quite recently these were used in all schools that did not adopt the graded system.

Then came the "improved" Uniform Lessons, the Biblical selections for the different departments being from the same general portion of the Scriptures and the subjects being similar for all scholars, but slightly varied according to advancing interests and abilities.

Now the International Committee offers to schools desiring to use them the "Group" Uniform Lessons, the plan being to have totally independent selections and subjects for the primary group, the junior group and the older group. The American Baptist Publication Society, in accepting the group idea, calls the change "very, very, very important."

The sooner the Sunday school workers of the world get rid of the thought that the same lesson is desirable for little Willie and little Willie's big brother and little Willie's grandfather, the better it will be for the Christian world.

* *

MORE THAN EVER FOR THE NEAR EAST OFFERING

That is what we are asking and hoping for. Here are some of our reasons:

1. There are fifty-five thousand children in the Near East orphanages and as many more outside who are absolutely dependent on American philanthropy.

2. The money that would have partly supported them during the coming winter was turned over for the relief of the Smyrna sufferers.

3. This was done with the confidence that the American people would rise to the situation and make good what had been diverted.

4. As the Near East appeal is repeated year after year fewer people respond, some always growing weary in well-giving.

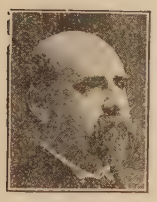
5. The importance of additional generosity from the faithful is clearly apparent.

6. Our Universalist Sunday schools have kept alive many of these orphans since 1917 and they ought not now to be inconsistent enough to abandon them to starvation.

7. It is vastly important that our young people for their own sakes shall give practical application to the gospel of universal brotherhood.

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter



Divine Paternity.—As an incomplete revelation of the service sought of Dr. Newton, it may be interesting to note that in a single week he declined three invitations to preach in American universities, and has been obliged to answer "nay," to the request of six cities for Lenten services. On Dec. 9, Dr. Newton was at Bryn Mawr, and during the winter he will deliver six addresses at the Philadelphia Public Forum in the Academy of Music. The Pacific Theological Conference to promote Christian thinking, meeting in Los Angeles, Jan. 9-11, asked Dr. Newton to assume the leadership. On Dec. 10, a dinner for the benefit of the Y. P. C. U. entertained as guests Dr. and Mrs. Newton and Dr. and Mrs. Hall. Christmas party for the children, Dec. 21st. * * **Washington Heights.**—This parish has lost one of its devoted members and workers, in the death of Mrs. Frank R. Whitten, president of the Ladies' Aid Society. Mr. Harris has preached several illuminating sermons, dealing with the verbal activities of the Fundamentalists. One sermon, upon "The Six Greatest Bibles of the World," brought into the church a family of five. The junior church is growing and already has assumed financial responsibility. * * **Mt. Vernon.**—Mr. Sayles is preaching a series of sermons upon the fundamentals of religion, concerning the Bible, God, Man, Jesus, and the Church. At the meeting of the Women's League, Dec. 13, Miss Winifred L. Chappel of the Methodist Federation for Social Service spoke on "Practising Brotherhood." Christmas entertainment, Dec. 27, 8 p. m. * * **Metropolitan Alliance.**—The December meeting was held Dec. 14 at the Divine Paternity. Mrs. Harry Lilly was the speaker, and the subject "Women in Co-operation." A happy incident was the presentation of a beautiful bouquet to Mrs. Rose, in honor of her twenty-fifth anniversary as minister's wife in Newark. Mrs. Rose by her gracious manner, kindliness, devotion and ability has won a large place in the confidence and love of the women of the Metropolitan District. * * **The Chapin Home** has closed a successful year. Gifts of friends to the endowment received the past year amount to $15,000, and the entire endowment is $131,000. Best of all, financially speaking, there is no debt. Great credit is due Mrs. Darling and her faithful coworkers for maintaining and developing the beautiful Home. The Christmas service will be held Dec. 23. Preachers in January: 13, Rev. P. E. Shoemaker, and 27, Rev. W. H. Sobey. * * **The Metropolitan Y. P. C. U.** on Nov. 18, at the Divine Paternity, welcomed fellow Unioners from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Reading. Dinner and supper were served at the church. In the afternoon a meeting was held, at which Miss Idalia Whitcomb extended a welcome to the city, and Dr. A. W. Grose gave a Creed to the Young: "I believe in people, in myself, in my church, in teaming together and in having a program." Mr. Wm. J. Crawford was the chief guide of the stranger within the gate, and rendered efficient service. * * **Good Tidings.**—Arrangements are being made for the ordination and installation of the pastor to occur early in January. Mr. Lalone has created a fine impression by his modest manliness and genuine ability. The annual fair enriched the treasury $800. * * **All Souls.**—Here are items of interest, boiled down. Minister's salary increased from $4,000 to $5,000 on first anniversary. Action voluntary and unanimous. Dr. Grose deserved it. Every member canvass increased income over $3,000. Loose collections have doubled, and congregations have increased largely. A council of Flatbush Protestant churches is being organized with Dr. Grose as executive secretary. The Y. P. C. U. won the cup in the New York State Efficiency contest, scoring 627 points out of a possible 700 for membership, contributions, church membership. Minstrel show by Men's Club, Dec. 11, a big success. Christmas luncheon for All Souls women, Dec. 18. "Service of Lights" auspices of Sunday school, Sunday, Dec. 23, at 4 p. m. Christmas Party Dec. 27, little children in the afternoon and the main Sunday school in the evening. The Men's Club will institute a Golf School, with ten lessons, beginning in January and taught by Mr. John I. Wheaton. December sermons by Dr. Grose: 9, "Love;" 16, "Faith;" 23, "Christmas, All People's Day;" 30, "New Lives for Old." * * **Our Father.**—The annual fair netted over $800. Sunday evening, Jan. 13, an exchange with Rev. Allison Ray Heaps of the Lewis Avenue Congregational Church, who will deliver his illustrated lecture, "For All of Us." Christmas for the children, Dec. 27, evening. * * **A Reception** was tendered Mr. Wm. M. Hodge and his company in "For All of Us," by the Clergy Club, at the Hotel Astor, Dec. 3. Mr. Hodge made a plea that when the church denounced the theater, "you should name your man."

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. Ernest H. Carritt is supplying the pulpit of the church in Caribou, Maine, during the absence, owing to illness, of the minister, Rev. H. M. Daniels.

District of Columbia

Washington.—Dr. C. E. Rice preached a powerful sermon Dec. 9 on "The Japan Mission," illustrating it with interesting anecdotes of his personal experience for seven years in Japan. Following the sermon Mr. Henry C. Morris of Chicago and Washington, a member of the Foreign Mission Board, made an effective appeal. The offering, $130, was the largest in some years.

Maine

West Paris.—Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, pastor. The annual sale, chicken-pie supper and entertainment was a great success, resulting in $228.66. The president of the Good-Will Society, Mrs. Millie Davis, with her few faithful helpers, has carried this work on during the year. The Y. P. C. U. is very much alive. Five young men joined the Union recently. Twelve young people attended the District Union at South Paris, Nov. 30. A Teacher Training Class has been organized, using the text book "A Life of Christ." The Sunday school is to support one child in the Near East. The Mission Circle holds its meetings every week during the winter months.

Michigan

Lansing.—Rev. G. H. Ashworth, pastor. The recent observance of "family" night under the auspices of the Men's Club was a significant event and largely attended by the members and friends of the church. Over one hundred participated in the Bohemian supper and enjoyed the following program of short talks: The Universalist Garden—Its Magnitude and Our Outward Opportunity, Chas. S. Smith. Its Fertility and Our Inward Growth, R. A. Smith. Its Labors and the Distribution of Our Products, Mrs. H. E. Thomas. Its Stockholders and Our Annual Dividends, I. M. Buck. Its Gates and Our Skeleton Keys, W. M. Dowden. Its Keeper and Our Spiritual Stewardship, Rev. G. H. Ashworth. The work here since September has been most encouraging. A fine spirit continues to grow and is bringing many new people to the church. The December series of sermons, "Some Spiritual Discoveries of God," based upon Basil King's new book, "The Discovery of God," is proving most helpful and holding the interest of many inquiring visitors.

Rhode Island

Harrisville.—Rev. Arthur M. Soule, pastor. Work starts off this fall with an indication of achieving some worth while

results during the year to come. One of the most gratifying things in connection with the work is the way the Sunday school has grown. We had lost our Sunday school when Mr. Soule came to us, in fact all we had was a Cradle Roll. One year ago last September, eight, including two teachers, assembled for the first session of the Sunday school. To-day we have a Cradle Roll of thirty-nine with a Home Department having seven members and sixty-three in the regular school, which is now organized into a kindergarten, beginners, junior, intermediate and senior departments. The latest addition to the work was the organization a few weeks ago by our minister's wife of a kindergarten which she conducts every Sunday at 11 a. m. in the vestry, while the church services are being held in the auditorium. The superintendent of the Sunday school is Mrs. H. Joseph Hyatt, and under her direction the school is growing in interest and efficiency. The Ladies' Aid held its annual fair Dec. 6 and 7 under the leadership of the president, Mrs. Irving H. Sweet, and in spite of the driving rain storm of the first day proved successful in every way. Wednesday evening, the first day of the fair, the "Up and Coming" Club of the Sunday school gave the one act comedy, "A Love of a Bonnet," and were assisted by Mrs. Viola Helm in mandolin solos and by Mrs. Oscar Parr of Chepachet in readings. The second night a program of literary and musical numbers was given by Miss Mildred Kindly, a senior from the Emerson College of Oratory in Boston, assisted by Antonio Martone of South Boston (totally blind), violinist, vocalist and pianist, and by Mrs. Grace A. Leutz of Cambridge, accompanist. Sunday morning, Dec. 9, we had as guests a delegation of seventy-five of the members of the lodges of Knights of Pythias in Providence, Woonsocket and other parts of Rhode Island. The Grand Chancellor and Grand Vice-Chancellor accompanied the members and occupied seats on the platform with our pastor, who is a Past Chancellor of the organization. Mr. Soule took for his subject "True Knighthood," and drew several helpful lessons for the fraternity as well as the congregation in general.

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MEMORIAL SERMON FOR DR. RANSOM A. GREENE

A host of friends filled the historic Charlestown church on Sunday, Dec. 9, at a service in memory of Rev. Ransom A. Greene, D. D., who completed fifty years in the Universalist ministry in June, 1922, retiring from active service at that time. From then until his death in October of this year, he was pastor emeritus of this church. During these fifty years Dr. Greene held but three pastorates, Northfield, Vt., Grace Church, Lowell, Mass., and Charlestown.

Dr. Greene's successor, Rev. Roger F. Etz, presided at the memorial service and spoke of Dr. Greene as the friend of the young people and especially the counselor and inspirer of the young theologues.

Representing Grace Church, Lowell, where Dr. Greene spent thirty-four years of his ministry, Hon. Perry D. Thompson, a former mayor of the city, spoke feelingly of Dr. Greene as a friend, and a minister who was never too busy to do the kindly or needful act, and who, by his faith, courage, optimism and good cheer carried comfort, consolation and hope to the homes of his parishioners. He said that Dr. Greene could not have kept these spiritual qualities to himself if he would. There was a contagion of cheerfulness which was felt everywhere his personality exerted its influence.

Mr. Winfield F. Prime, who had been associated with Dr. Greene in Masonry, spoke of him as a man among men. In December, 1922, Dr. Greene was awarded the Henry Price Medal for fifty years distinguished service to Masonry. During most of these years he was chaplain in some lodge, faithful in attendance, a real brother to every member of the lodge and a tried and trusted friend whose life spoke of the faith he held.

The churches of Charlestown were represented by Rev. Harold L. Hanson, pastor of the Baptist church. Dr. Greene was not a religious or ecclesiastical isolationist. Though a man of strong convictions and positive views, yet he was friendly toward others who differed with him, cheerfully co-operating with his brother ministers in whatever was for the good of the community.

The last speaker was Rev. R. Perry Bush, D. D., who for many years was associated with Dr. Greene in the Universalist ministry as well as in the Masonic fraternity. Dr. Bush dwelt on the qualities which had attracted him to Dr. Greene and made them fast friends through their ministry. He spoke of the life of service which had grown more useful as the years went on, the close of which, while leaving us sad, yet should make us rejoice that such as he had lived.

The organist and choir of Grace Church, Lowell, of whom Dr. Greene was very fond, furnished the music for the service. Three of the choir had been with him during a part of his pastorate in Lowell and the beautiful selections they rendered were a tribute of love and honor to the man, the minister, the friend.

* *

LAYING A CORNER-STONE IN BOSTON

The building of the splendid edifice of the Second Society of Universalists in Boston has reached that stage where it was possible on Sunday, Dec. 9, to lay the corner-stone. In conjunction with this event, the minister, Rev. S. H. Roblin, D. D., arranged a service which drew a large congregation to Fenway Theater, where the society has been worshiping since the destruction of its church on Columbus Avenue. At the invitation of Dr. Roblin, the General Superintendent, Rev. J. S. Lowe, D. D., and the Superintendent of the Massachusetts Convention, Rev. L. W. Coons, D. D., were both present to participate in the services in the theater and at the site of the new building on the corner of Boylston Road and Ipswich Street.

Dr. Roblin spoke of the happiness in the heart of every member of the church at the realization that after waiting long and anxiously the Universalists of old Boston are again to have a home worthy of the greatness of their faith. Dr. Lowe and Dr. Coons each brought a message of greeting and congratulation and pointed out the large place the Universalist faith is to have amongst the creative forces of the world's new day.

Following this service in the theater, at twelve o'clock occurred the ceremony in connection with the placing of two corner-stones. Dr. Roblin spread the cement and set the stones. Dr. Coons gave the invocation and read appropriate scriptural passages. Dr. Lowe spoke the prayer.

Within a week the roof will be put upon the chapel of the church. It is the purpose of the congregation to hold their services in the chapel in April of the coming spring. Before next Easter, therefore, the Second Society will be worshiping in a part of its new church. Most of the next year, however, will be consumed before the entire edifice can be completed and made ready for dedication. With the lot the new structure is to cost close to five hundred thousand dollars.

* *

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN NEWARK

The Church of the Redeemer gave Dr. and Mrs. Henry R. Rose a reception on the completion of his pastorate of twenty-five years in Newark. Sunday, Dec. 9, was observed as Anniversary Sunday. Dr. Rose took as his theme: "The years may come, the years may go, but religion goes on forever." He reviewed the quarter of a century and pressed home the fact that liberal religion would always be in demand in the city. If the Universalist Church did not supply it some other liberal body would. Therefore, "Universalists stand fast: keep your banner flying!" On Monday evening the Jubilee took place. Tributes to Dr. Rose and the splendid work of the people of the church were paid by Rabbi Solomon Foster, representing the foremost Jewish synagogue of the city; Rev. John C. Carlile, Forest Hill Presbyterian Church, for the Protestants of Newark; Mr. David C. Corson, superintendent of Public Schools, speaking for Dr. Rose's work for education; and Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, D. D., of Worcester, for the Universalist denomination. The church was thronged. The rejoicing was great. At the close of the addresses, a purse of $1,000 was presented to the pastor and his wife by the parish.

The Newark *Sunday Call* wrote of Dr. Rose and his work as follows:

"Twenty-five years ago to-day the Rev. Henry R. Rose, D. D., became pastor of the Church of the Redeemer. The church was heavily in debt and its people thoroughly discouraged. He came in response to an S. O. S. call, bringing with him youth, enthusiasm and confidence. His first congregation numbered only fifty-eight people! It now numbers between 400 and 500 in the morning and 600 and 700 in the evening. The debt of $35,000 was paid in a few years and the church is now entirely free and clear. It owns, in addition to its valuable property on Broad Street, a handsome parsonage. Over $75,000 has been spent in beautifying the church and making it modern.

"The motto of Dr. Rose has been to give Newark a church which would make religion a joy and church going a pleasure. He believes in a dynamic church rather than an institutional or community church, and says it is almost impossible to secure efficient and satisfactory assistants for those types of churches. They run a little while and then they break down. A dynamic church, however, sends out from its pulpit and its people every Sunday waves of religious, moral, patriotic and domestic influence. It quickens every part of the community through its sermons, lectures and the members of its congregation. The Church of the Redeemer is felt all over Newark because it is always alive to the urgent questions of the day and ever throwing its weight on the right side of things.

"The readers of the *Sunday Call* selected Dr. Rose as one of the fifty men who had done the most for Newark in the last twenty years. He has been a very active citizen, as vice-president of the Social Service Bureau for nearly twenty-five years; lecturer for the Board of Education and largely instrumental in introducing visual education in the public schools; grand chaplain of the Free Masons of New Jersey; chaplain of St. John's Lodge of Masons of Newark; lecturer for the Odd Fellows; speaker at numerous gatherings of the Jewish organizations and women's clubs; director of the Newark Institute of Arts and Sciences. He has spoken from the pulpits of every denomination of the city. No call has come to him which he could possibly fill but he has responded cheerfully. He has ever counted it a part of a clergyman's privilege to serve his community to the measure of his power."

* *

THE CLARA BARTON BIRTHPLACE

The Clara Barton Universalist Memorial Committee finds the following articles would greatly add to the comfort of the matron at the Birthplace: six sheets, 90 x 108, one dozen sheets, 72 x 90, one dozen pillow slips, 36 x 42, bath towels and hand towels, braided rugs.

As Christmas Day is an anniversary of the birth of Clara Barton, it seems most fitting that gifts for her Birthplace be received at this time.

Maude F. Tweedy, Chairman,
North Attleboro, Mass.

* *

W. N. M. A.

The W. N. M. A. has recently published a very comprehensive life of Clara Barton by Elizabeth Robbins Berry, called "Clara Barton, Angel of the Battlefield." This can be secured at headquarters for only 25 cents a copy.

The little leaflet, "Our Midori Kindergarten," just printed, illustrates the children of our kindergarten at school and at play. Price 3 cents.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,615
Bryan, Ohio	4
Lyons, Ohio	1
Total	1,620

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 803. Bryan, Ohio, 1. Lyons, Ohio, 3. Total 806.

* *

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

The Boston Ministers' Meeting was held at Universalist Headquarters on Dec. 17. The subject was "Spiritual Healing" and the speaker Mr. Walter DeVoe of the Elhoist Ministry, Brookline.

On Dec. 10 an interesting meeting was held at Tufts College. Prof. Clarence Skinner delivered an unusually strong and interesting address upon the new psychology and our religious faith. The discussion following the formal address indicated the deep impression that it made. In the afternoon three addresses were made, by Dean McCollester on the denominational type of church, by E. Tallmadge Root on the federated, by Professor Skinner on the community idea.

* *

Notices

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letter of license for one year granted to S. Laurine Freeman. Transfer of C. F. McIntire from Vermont accepted and fellowship granted

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

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* *

NEW YORK FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letter of license as minister granted to Leonard Prater, Donald K. Evans, Doris Swett, Lucius Garner, H. Elmer Peters, Tracy Pullman, Charles Clare Blauvelt, Seth Brooks.

Ordination authorized of Hugh Emerson Lalone, Brooklyn.

Letter of transfer granted to Bert B. Gibbs, to Maine; Charles Kramer to Connecticut.

Accepted on Letter of Transfer, Galusha A. King, from Wisconsin.

George H. Bowers, Secretary.

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* *

Hubby: "Really, Ethel, seven pounds for a hat is the height of extravagance!"

Wife: "Well, my dear, I simply have to look nice when I am with you; you're so distinguished-looking."—*The Passing Show (London).*

* *

Patient: "Doctor, will the anesthetic make me sick?"

Doctor: "Not a bit."

Patient: "Well, how long will it be before I know anything?"

Doctor: "Aren't you asking a good deal of an anesthetic?"—*Yale Record.*

* *

Lest he be considered dogmatic or unduly stern, the parson had a way of qualifying his pulpit utterances. "My brethren," he said, reaching the climax of his morning discourse, "if you do not repent, so to speak, and believe the Word, as it were, you'll be lost, in a measure."—*Judge.*

* *

The gracious personality of this charming singer won for her much praise and admiration. The two succeeding songs, "Give Me All of You," and "Kiss Me Again," met with warm responses.—*Oregon City Enterprise.*

* *

Judge: "You are charged with being a deserter, having left your wife. Are all of the facts in the case true?"

Prisoner: "No, your Honor, I am not a deserter. Just a refugee."—*The Punch Bowl.*

* *

"No, Herbert, I am sorry; but I am sure we could not be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything."

"But, my dear girl, you could go on wanting it after we were married."—*Boston Globe.*

* *

The grandparents of little Thomas were staunch Quakers, and thinking it would please them, the little fellow's mother had been teaching him the usage of the solemn form of address. Evidently her teaching had made a deep impression. For one day when she chanced to say in passing to Thomas's kittens, of which he was very fond, "Poor kittens, are you hungry?" Thomas, who overheard the remark, took her to task. "Mother," he said, "I don't want thee to be youing my kittens around."—*Zion's Herald.*

* *

"Are you a messenger boy?" asked the near-sighted man of a boy in the street.

"No, sir," was the indignant reply, "it's my sore toe hat makes me walk so slowly."—*London Tit-Bits.*

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